A decorative border of repeating floral motifs, possibly roses, surrounds the central text.

# Songs and Sayings For You

Rev. L. L. Pickett

Round Notes and Shaped. State choice when ordering.

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

F/46

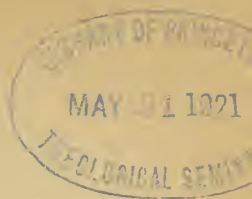
SEP  
37/7.



Division *f*

Section *46*

*RL*



# SONGS and SAYINGS

## FOR YOU.

Consisting of Songs, Facts and Thrilling  
Incidents. For use in Temperance  
and Prohibition Campaigns in  
Towns, Counties, States and  
the National Warfare  
Against Rum's  
Murder Mills.

By Rev. L. L. Pickett.

Copyright 1911—1914.

New edition, revised and enlarged.

Price 25 cents.      \$2.60 per doz.      100 for \$18.00.

SCP  
3717

# COUNT ON ME.

W. E. M.

WM. EDIE MARKS.

1. There's a bat - tle great now rag - ing and King Al - co - hol must go,  
 2. We have cap - tured ma - ny strongholds, let us press on still for more,  
 3. Stand - ing shoul - der un - to shoul - der, let us brave - ly face the foe,

And our coun - try from his fet - ters must be free; Let us  
 Un - til ev - 'ry place shall have sweet lib - er - ty; Let us  
 March - ing bold - ly on to glo - rious vic - to - ry; We can

*D. S.—Oh, we*

stand up for the right and to the world our col - ors show,  
 drive a - way this de - mon, cleanse our land from shore to shore,  
 down this aw - ful ty - rant by a strong, de - ci - sive blow,

want our glo - rious na - tion from the curse of drink set free,

## Fine. CHORUS.

I am for PRO - HI - BI - TION, count on mel I am for PRO - HI - BI - TION,  
 I am for Pro - hi - bi - tion, count on me. *D. S.*

count on mel I am for PRO - HI - BI - TION, vic - to - ry.



## PREFACE

---

I have prepared this booklet believing that the songs would be sufficient for all ordinary temperance and prohibition services and yet being cheap the people would buy the booklet for the songs. This will put the other matter in the hands of many who will be greatly profited by reading the same and yet numbers of whom would not buy the reading matter alone. Let speakers use it in their work thereby getting good singing and also making converts to prohibition truth. "The Old Temperance Lecturer" and "A Bottle of Tears," will surely melt any heart not of stone.

Friend, use it in your work, give it wings and I believe it will aid greatly in our effort to WIPE OUT THE MURDER MILLS.

Wilmore, Ky., August, 1911.

L. L. PICKETT.

---

## INDEX TO SONGS

All Hail the Power .....	34
America . . . . .	27
A Saloonless Nation 1920. . . . .	23
Bettie and the Baby .....	10
Bringing in the Sheaves . . . . .	6
Count on Me.....Facing Index	
Down in the Licensed Saloon. . . . .	4
Ever Forward, Up and Onward . . . . .	33
Good-bye Rummies .....	29
He'll Se Me Through . . . . .	25
He's Coming . . . . .	17
Hooray for Prohibition . . . . .	19
How I Wish He Knew My Jesus .....	20
I'll Be There to Vote. . . . .	14
I'm the Child of a King .....	32

Is it Nothing to You? .....	2
It's Going ... ..	16
Jim and Me . . . . .	35
King Alcohol Must Die . . . . .	8
My Country 'Tis of Thee . . . . .	26
Our Country's Going Dry . . . . .	5
Our Temperance Banner . . . . .	38
Rescue the Perishing . . . . .	31
Soldiers of the Army . . . . .	41
Some Mother's Child . . . . .	9
Stand up for Jesus ... ..	39
Sweet Bye and Bye. . . . .	3
Sweetly Lord Have We . . . . .	36
Tell Him Little Lou is Dead.... .	11
The Church in the Wild-wood . . . . .	30
The Prohibition Band . . . . .	42
There's Vict'ry in the Air.....	37
The Rum Saloon Shall Go . . . . .	15
The Saloon Must Go . . . . .	13
The Whiskey Shops Must Go . . . . .	18
They Need a little More Religion . . . . .	12
To the Battle Front . . . . .	22
Up With Your Hands . . . . .	27
Vote for Prohibition . . . . .	40
Voting and Shouting Prohibition . . . . .	1
We'll vote her dry . . . . .	28
We Shall Sweep the Country . . . . .	21
Will You Then Be True? .....	7

## VOTING AND SHOUTING PROHIBITION.

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

Arr. by REV. L. L. PICKETT.

1. We will pul-ver-ize the rum pow'r, we'll wipe out the sa-loon, Vot-ing and  
 2. We are fight-ing for our country, yes, for the home and school, Vot-ing and  
 3. We are trust-ing in our Lead-er, our Sav-iour, Lord and King, Shouting a-  
 4. Quick-ly ral-ly, all ye freemen, O ral-ly to the fray, Vot-ing and  
 5. We will nev-er cease our war while the en-e-my re-mains, Vot-ing and

shout-ing "Pro-hi-bi-tion;" We are marching on to vic-t'ry, we know its  
 shout-ing "Pro-hi-bi-tion;" We are long-ing for that day when the right shall  
 loud for "Pro-hi-bi-tion;" While we're pressing hard the battle, we'll make the  
 shout-ing "Pro-hi-bi-tion;" Let us march in sol-id col-umn, un-til we  
 shout-ing "Pro-hi-bi-tion;" We will drive it from the cit-ies, the mountains

## CHORUS.

com-ing soon, Vot-ing for straightout "Prohi-bi-tion."  
 sure-ly rule, Vot-ing and shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion." For God and our  
 welk-in ring, Vot-ing and shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion."  
 win the day, Vot-ing and shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion."  
 and the plains, Vot-ing and shouting "Pro-hi-bi-tion."

country our bal-lots we'll cast, We'll press on to vict'ry and win it at last, We will

ral-ly to our ban-ner, for the right stand fast, Voting and shouting "Prohibition."

## IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

JENNIE WILSON.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. When the call comes for help in the temperance work, Are you willing to dare and to do?  
 2. Is it noth-ing to you when an innocent boy Is al-lured by a licensed sa-loon,  
 3. Is it nothing to you that sad women now plead For relief from their trouble and care?

As you see all around you the hav-oc of rum, Can you say it is nothing to you?  
 That his life shall be robbed of its promise so fair, And its brightness be dimmed ere its noon?  
 And when little ones suffer because of strong drink, Does your heart in their grief feel a share?

CHORUS.  
 Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you, When the poor reeling drunkard you view?

As you see his disgrace branded deep on his face, Can you say it is nothing to you?

Copyright, 1906, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

3

## SWEET BYE-AND-BYE.

KEY OF G.

- 1 There's a time that is coming at last,  
 Oh! hasten the long looked-for day!  
 When the rum-fiend no shackles can cast,  
 For all Christians will vote as they pray.

CHO.—In the sweet bye-and-bye,  
 We shall welcome that beautiful day;  
 In that sweet bye-and-bye,  
 When all Christians shall vote as they pray.

- 2 When the fire shall go out at the still,  
 And the worm shall be taken away,  
 And its ruins give place to the mill,  
 Making bread that doth hunger allay.
- 3 And the prisons shall close every door,  
 And the poor-houses tenantless stand;  
 When the dram-shops shall darken no more  
 The dear homes of our beautiful land.
- 4 When the Church and the State shall arise  
 In the strength of their virtue and might,  
 And improve every moment that flies,  
 In their daring to vote for the right.



## DOWN IN THE LICENSED SALOON.

An answer to "Where is my Wandering Boy To-night?"

Rev. W. A. WILLIAMS.

For Temperance Meetings.

W. A. WILLIAMS, by per.  
rit.

*p*

Where is my wand'ring boy to-night! Down in the li-censed sa - loon.

*mf*

1. Down in a room all co - zy and bright, Fill'd with the glare of ma - ny a light,  
2. Learning new vi - ces all the night long, Tempted to all that's sinful and wrong,  
3. Little arms once were thrown round my neck, Look at him now, my poor heart will break!  
4. Broth - er, I guess you'd en - ter this fight, If it were your boy down there to - night,

*mf*

Beau - ti - ful mu - sic the ear to de - light, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.  
Lis - ten - ing to the harlot's foul song, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.  
Think of that boy to - night a sad wreck, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.  
Ruin'd and wreck'd by the drink appe - tite, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.

CHORUS.

There is my wand'ring boy to - night, There is my wand'ring boy to - night,

*cres.*

Down, down, down, down, Down in the li - censed sa - loon.



## OUR COUNTRY'S GOING DRY.

E. NORINE LAW.

G. A. MINOR.

1. Come ye loyal workers, join the temperance army, Shout for Pro-hi - bi - tion,  
 2. Sa-loons will soon be banished from our land forever: Hear the children singing,  
 3. Voting in the morning, votes for Pro-hi-bi-tion, Vot-ing out the dark-ness  
 4. Ral-ly all ye faith-ful, ral - ly to the con-quest, Shout the glorious message,

now our bat-tle cry; Forward be our watchword in the migh-ty con-flict,  
 banners lifted high; Joy-ous are their voic-es, hap-py are their fac-es;  
 and the vile saloon, Standing like a Dan-i-el for a glorious pur-pose,  
 vic - to - ry is nigh; Prayers will soon be ans-w'r'd, God is leading onward,

CHORUS.  
 See the cause advancing, our country's going dry.  
 Glo-ry hal - le - lu - jah! our country's going dry. } Our country's going dry, our country's  
 Hear the shouts of vic'try! our country's going dry. } Our country's going dry, our country's  
 We are sure to triumph, our country's going dry.

go - ing dry; See the hosts advancing, our country's going dry; }  
 go - ing dry; Glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah, our (Omit). } country's going dry.

## BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,  
 Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;  
 Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,  
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;  
 By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,  
 We shall, etc.

3 Sowing forth with weeping, sowing for the Master,  
 Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit often grieves;  
 When our weeping's over He will bid us wel-come:  
 We shall etc.

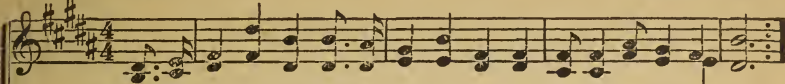
CHORUS  
 Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,  
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

## 7.

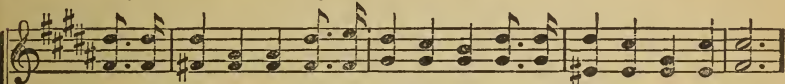
## WILL YOU THEN BE TRUE? \*

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

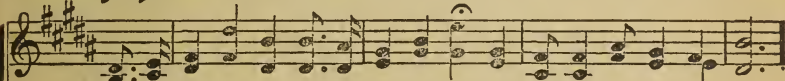
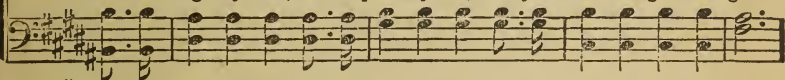
FINLEY LYON.



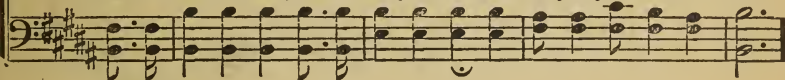
1. { When our country calls for her va-liant sons, O will you just then be true?  
When the war-cloud breaks o'er her faithful ones, O will you just then be true! }
2. { When a sweet voice lures where the soft lights shine, O will you just then be true?  
When a fair hand glows with the tempting wine, O will you just then be true? }
3. { In the vo-ter's booth on e - lec - tion day, O will you just then be true?  
Will you there mark down what your Lord would say, O will you just then be true? }



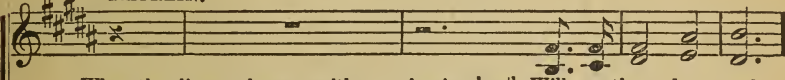
When the lines advance with a quiv-ering breath, And the old flag stands in view,  
In the festive throng, when the glad tones sound, To the thrill of joys so new,  
With a king - ly vote, with a princely rod, Will you heav'n's high bidding do?



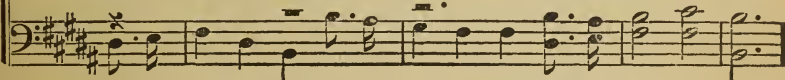
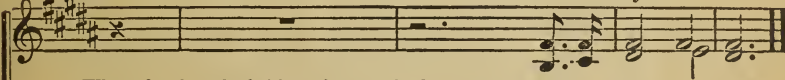
When the hot balls hiss o'er the field of death, O will you just then be true?  
When the laugh rings out and the cup goes round, O will you just then be true?  
In the vo-ter's booth, 'neath the eye of God, O will you just then be true?



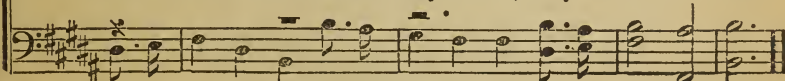
## REFRAIN.



When the lines ad-vance with a quivering breath, Will you then be true?  
In the fes-tive throng, when the glad tones sound, Will you then be true?  
With a king - ly vote, with a prince - ly rod, Will you then be true?

*Slow and soft.*

When the hot balls hiss o'er the field of death, Will you then be true?  
When the laugh rings out and the cup goes round, Will you then be true?  
In the vo - ter's booth, 'neath the eye of God, Will you then be true?



\* If inconvenient to perform on 5 sharps play on B-flat.

Copyright, 1898. by Fillmore Bros. By per.

## KING ALCOHOL MUST DIE.

O. A. PRATT.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.

1. { We've joined the Temp'rance Army, We'll by our colors stand; Gird on the  
With Je - sus for our Captain, The bat - tle we will win, And plant our

2. { We'll march in sol - id column, And nev - er, nev - er yield, Till this foul  
We'll fight till death release us, If God shall will it so; Our hearts in

shining arm-or, And strike for vict'ry grand.  
no - ble standard O'er [Omit. . . . .] haunts of vice and sin.  
curse is vanquished And driven from the field.  
pray'r up-lift-ed, Our [Omit. . . . .] fa - ces toward the foe.

**CHORUS.**

Then cheer, my comrades, cheer! Your faith and cour-age show; And

loud proclaim in words of flame, King Al - co - hol must go!

3 We, eager watching upward  
For coming of our King,  
Trust in the God of Daniel,  
And pray and shout and sing.  
We fear not roaring lions,  
Nor other mighty foes;  
The Lord will send His angel  
And all their mouths will close.

4 We fear no tall Goliaths;  
The ballot well we know  
If properly directed,  
Will lay the monster low.  
We'll sound the Gospel trumpet,  
And shout while marching round,  
For rum saloons are shaken,  
Their walls must tumble down.

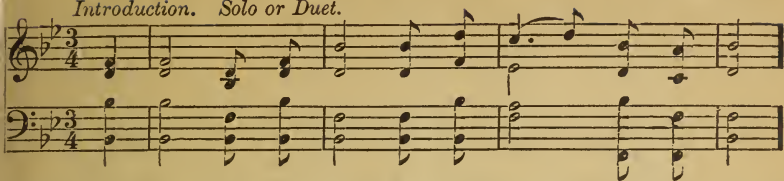
5 Praise to our brave Commander,  
In Him alone we trust;  
His arm is strong and mighty  
His ways are true and just.  
From vict'ry unto vict'ry  
He'll guide us safely on,  
Till this rum fiend is vanquished—  
The conquest nobly won.

6 Awake, ye sons and daughters,  
A true and valiant band;  
Rest not till this vile monster  
Is banished from the land.  
Loud let the proclamation  
On lightning pinions fly  
To every tribe and nation,—  
"KING ALCOHOL MUST DIE."

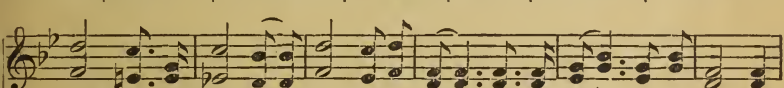
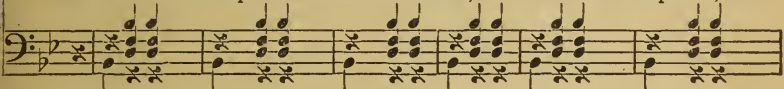


## SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

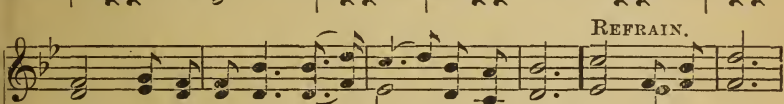
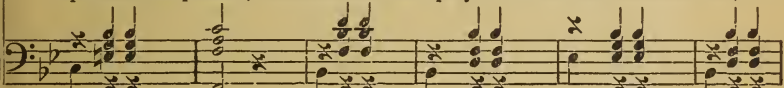
L. L. PICKETT.

*Introduction. Solo or Duet.*

1. At home or a - way, in the al-ley or street, Wher-ev-er I chance in this
2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have rolled, Whose hearts have grown hardened, whose
3. No mat-ter how deep he is sunk-en in sin, No mat-ter how much he is
4. That head hath been pillowed on tenderest breast, That form hath been wept o'er, those

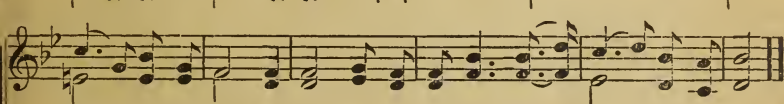
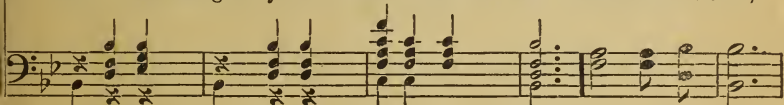


wide world to meet A girl that is thoughtless, or a boy that is wild, My  
spir - its are cold, Be it wom - an all fall - en, or man all de-filed, A  
shunned by his kin, No mat-ter how foul is the fountain of his joy, Tho'  
lips have been pressed, That soul hath been prayed for in tones sweet and mild, For

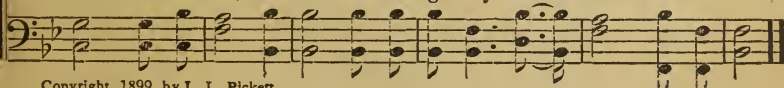


REFRAIN.

heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some moth-er's child,  
voice whis-pers sad-ly, "It is some moth-er's child." Some moth-er's child,  
guilt - y and loathsome, he is some moth-er's boy. Some moth-er's boy,  
her sake deal gen-tly with some moth-er's child. Some moth-er's child,



some moth-er's child, My heart ech-oes soft-ly, "It is some mother's child."  
some moth-er's child, A voice whis-pers sad-ly, "It is—some mother's child."  
some moth-er's boy, Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he is some mother's boy.  
some moth-er's child, For her sake deal gen-tly with some mother's child.

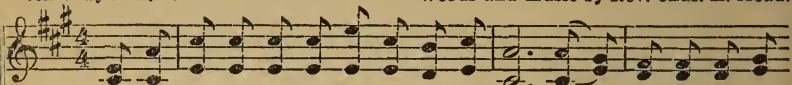


## BETTY AND THE BABY.

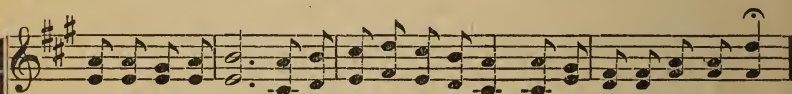
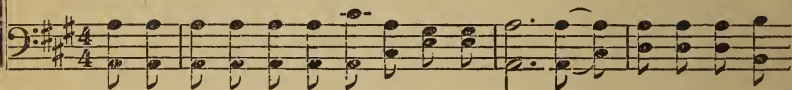
In a Prohibition Campaign in Iowa, a poor fellow, trembling with the palsy of drink, when urged to vote for whiskey, said: "I'd do it if I voted for myself, but this day, though it be my last act on earth, I'll vote for Betty and the Baby."

5th V. by L. L. P.

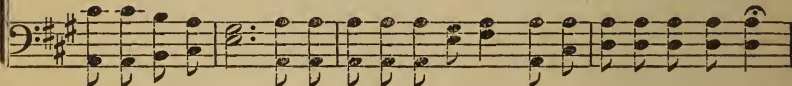
Words and music by Rev. Chas. H. Mead.



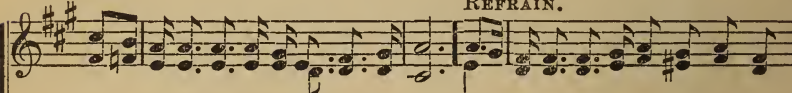
1. O the drink has made a wretched man of me, And from it's curs-ed
2. From the de-mon of the cup I've tried to flee, But a-las! the aw-ful
3. I'm a drunkard, lost and ru-ined, don't you see, But to do a righteous
4. And 'twas thus he answered there to Bet-ty's plea, But a-las! it was too
5. There is hope for those who to the Sav-iour flee, For such as yield their



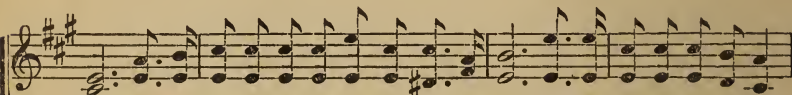
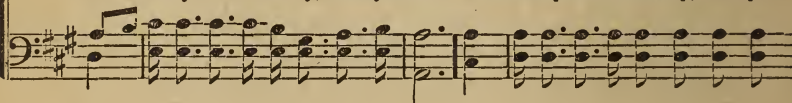
pow'r I can't get free; While I know I nev-er can, Yet I'd like to be a man,  
thirst won't let me be; Of my reason I'm bereft, And no good in me is left,  
thing I now a-gree; On the verge of ruin's brink, I will vote against the drink,  
late to set him free; For his spir-it went a-way, As he cast his vote that day,  
all His own to be; But for pro-hi-bi-tion straight, We must vote both soon and late,



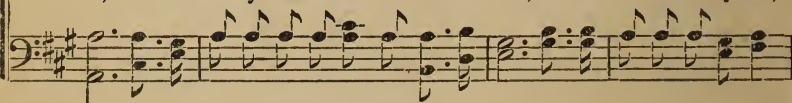
## REFRAIN.



For Bet-ty and the ba-by, don't you see! For Bet-ty and the ba-by, don't you



see, Are the on-ly ones on earth that care for me; And al-tho' it be my last,





## BETTY AND THE BABY. Concluded.

A temp'rance vote I'll cast, For Bet-ty and the ba-by, don't you see!

## 11. TELL HIM LITTLE LOU IS DEAD.

PALMER HARTSOUGH.

STEPHEN FOSTER.

1. From the bar-room, drunk-en laugh-ter Sounds on the night,  
 2. Deep-er drink-ing with the rev-'lers, He heed-eth not,  
 3. Gen-tly close the lit-tle cas-ket, Dry now the tear;  
 4. Bear her forth a-mong the dais-ies, Pur-er than they;  
 5. O how man-y homes are dark-ened Each day by drink;

**FINE.**

While a-cross a lit-tle death-bed, Fall the moonbeams cold and white.  
 While the friends so kind and ten-der, Gath-er 'round the hum-ble cot.  
 God the lit-tle one has tak-en From a world of sor-row here.  
 An-gels take her to her Sav-iour, In the home of end-less day.  
 Of the sor-rows all a-bout us, O how lit-tle do we think.

*D. S.—Tell him how our hearts are breaking, Tell him lit-tle Lou is dead.  
 Rise, and from thy peace-ful bor-ders Brush for aye the vile sa-loon.*

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

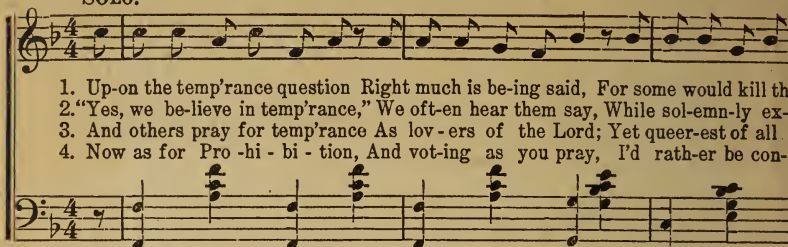
Go search for fa-ther, Where the wine is red,  
 For last verse;  
 Rise, right-eous na-tion, In thy might full soon;

12.

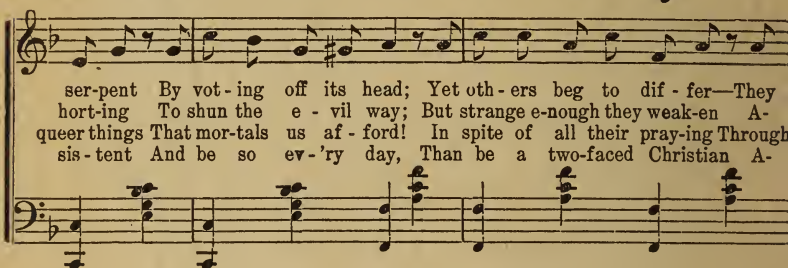
## THEY NEED A LITTLE MORE RELIGION.

G. A. C.  
SOLO.

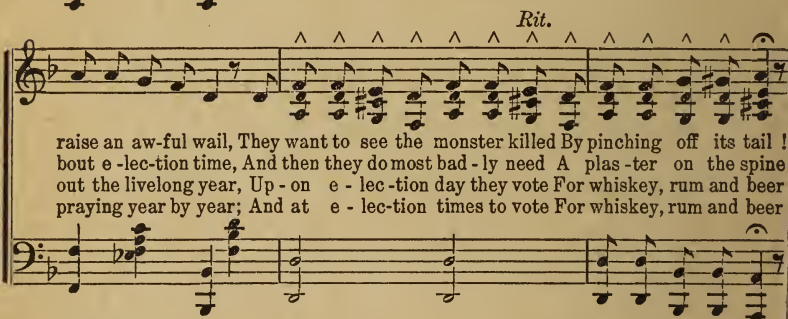
REV. G. A. COLLIN.



1. Up-on the temp'rance question Right much is be-ing said, For some would kill th  
2. "Yes, we be-lieve in temp'rance," We oft-en hear them say, While sol-emn-ly ex-  
3. And others pray for temp'rance As lov-ers of the Lord; Yet queer-est of all  
4. Now as for Pro-hi-bi-tion, And vot-ing as you pray, I'd rath-er be con-

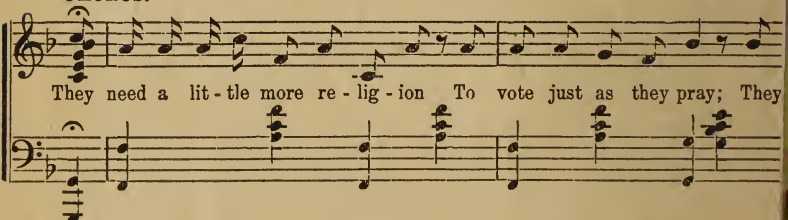


ser-pent By vot-ing off its head; Yet oth-ers beg to dif-fer—They  
hort-ing To shun the e-vil way; But strange e-nough they weak-en A-  
queer things That mor-tals us af-ford! In spite of all their pray-ing Throug  
sis-tent And be so ev-'ry day, Than be a two-faced Christian A-

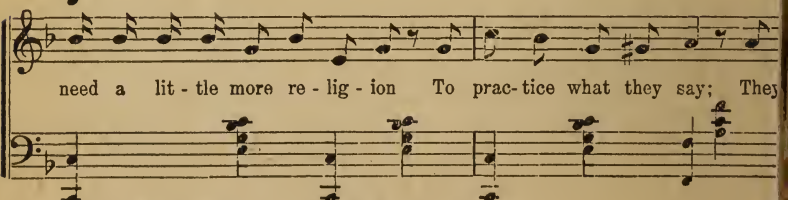


raise an aw-ful wail, They want to see the monster killed By pinching off its tail !  
bout e-lec-tion time, And then they do most bad-ly need A plas-ter on the spine  
out the livelong year, Up-on e-lec-tion day they vote For whiskey, rum and beer  
praying year by year; And at e-lec-tion times to vote For whiskey, rum and beer

CHORUS.

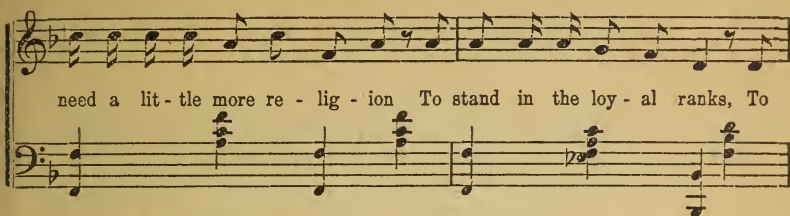


They need a lit-tle more re-lig-ion To vote just as they pray; They



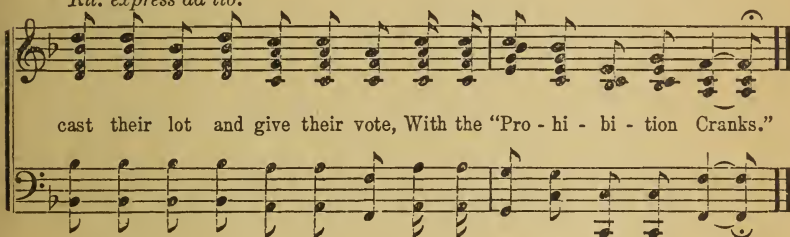
need a lit-tle more re-lig-ion To prac-tice what they say; They

# THEY NEED A LITTLE MORE RELIGION. Concluded.



need a lit - tle more re - lig - ion To stand in the loy - al ranks, To

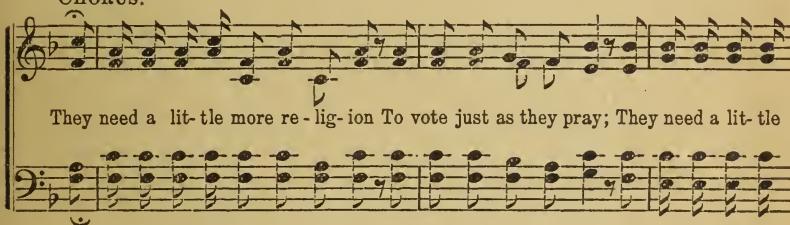
*Rit. express ad lib.*



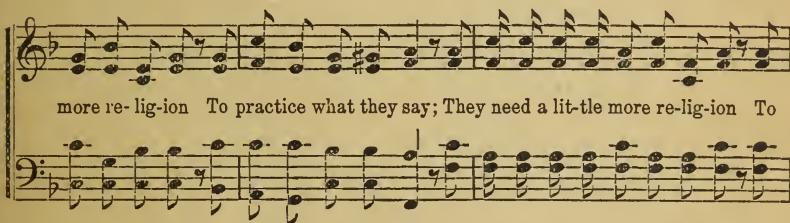
cast their lot and give their vote, With the "Pro - hi - bi - tion Cranks."

## QUARTET FOR MIXED VOICES.

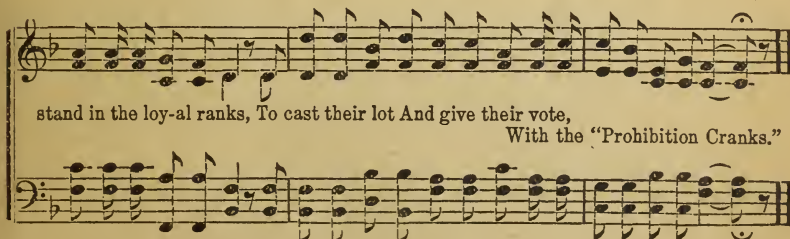
CHORUS.



They need a lit - tle more re - lig - ion To vote just as they pray; They need a lit - tle



more re - lig - ion To practice what they say; They need a lit - tle more re - lig - ion To



stand in the loy - al ranks, To cast their lot And give their vote,  
With the "Prohibition Cranks."



## THE SALOON MUST GO.

G. A. C.

G. A. COLLIN.

1. A stir-ring call comes ring-ing o-ver hill and plain, The sa-loon must go!  
 2. We hear it like a requiem o'er the vic-tims slain, The sa-loon must go!  
 3. It comes, the voice of du-ty sound-ing loud and clear, The sa-loon must go!  
 4. From brave and loyal hearts the ans'ring echo comes, The sa-loon must go!  
 5. Ring out the loyal watch-word till all hearts are stirr'd, The sa-loon must go!

Like a bu-gle note to con-flict, 'tis the sig-nal strain, The sa-loon must go!  
 And loud-ly from the dy-ing comes the cry a-gain, The sa-loon must go!  
 The cause is just, and win we must,—away with fear! The sa-loon must go!  
 To the standard see them rally from ten thousand homes, The sa-loon must go!  
 Let the thrilling call to conflict every-where be heard, The sa-loon must go!

D. S.—shout shall ring, *The sa-loon must go!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

For-ward! the vict'ry we shall win, Conq'ring the mighty foe: O'er hill and vale the

Copyright, 1906, by G. A. Collin, Franklin, Pa.

## I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE.

Verses 4 and 5 by L. L. P.

Arranged.

1. { We've tried to stop this curse of rum, We've tried both pray'rs and tears; }  
 { We ask for home pro-tec-tion laws, They an-swer us with sneers. }  
 2. { We've tried high li-cense, but it failed To stop the curse of rum; }  
 { We ask for Pro-hi-bi-tion now, Pro-tec-tion to our home. }  
 3. { To those who com-pro-mise with rum We now must say good-bye; }  
 { To stop the traf-fic, not to tax, We'll fight un-til we die. }  
 4. { For coun-ty and for state we'll vote, Al-so for na-tion wide; }  
 { We'll nev-er stop till we can write "King Al-co-hol has died." }  
 5. { We will not rest till o'er the land, Shall wave our banner bright; }  
 { For sure as God shall bless our votes, We're bound to win this fight. }

# I'LL BE THERE TO VOTE. Concluded.

CHORUS.

I'll be there, I'll be there, When the time comes to vote, I'll be there.  
I'll be there, I'll be there,

## 15. THE RUM SALOON SHALL GO.

REV. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A wave is roll - ing o'er the land, With heav - y un - der - tow;  
2. Its doom is writ - ten on the sky, A - bove the shin - ing bow;  
3. We've stood the wretch - ed, bit - ter moans Full long e - nough, you know;  
4. The land is wea - ry of the curse, The peo - ple have said so;

And voic - es sound - ing on the strand, The rum sa - loon shall go.  
For in - dig - na - tion now is high, The rum sa - loon shall go.  
And soon we'll speak in thun - der tones, Un - less they'll close and go.  
And if it halts we'll make it worse, And help them soon to go.

CHORUS.

Shall go, we know, Shall go, we know;  
Shall go, we know, Shall go, we know;

A cry is sound - ing o'er the land, The rum sa - loon shall go.



L. L. PICKETT.  
*Poco adagio.*

S. C. FOSTER.

1. Soon from the land sa-loons shall driv-en be, Then from the curse our  
2. Join now our ranks, my broth-er, quick-ly come, Stand for the truth, and  
3. Look thro' the land, the mur-der mills be-hold! See how they grind for  
4. Pray, dai-ly pray, and sing the songs of God, Use pen and voice, and

na-tion shall be free; Dis-til-ler-ies and brew'ries, too, shall go, And  
vote for church and home; Be true and strong, the de-mon brave-ly fight; Trus  
lust of power and gold! Then rise and join the ar-mies of the Lord, And  
al- so shep-herd's rod; Still bear in mind your vote is need-ed, too, Then

*mp* CHORUS. *pp*  
ban-ish'd shall the traf-fic be, And all its woe.  
in our Sav-iour, Lord and King, And do the right. Its go-ing, its go-ing,  
fal-ter not be-fore the foe, Nor sheath your sword.  
with it smite the cruel foe, And shoot him thro'.

The traf-fic base and vile; Then God shall pour His Spir-it out, And grant His smile

Copyright, 1911, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

(Sing to above tune.)

1 O'er all the world our blessed Lord shall reign,  
Banishing death and driving out all pain;  
O'er all the lands His banner bright shall wave,  
Till all shall know His mercy and His pow'r to save.

CHO.—He's coming, He's coming,  
The King we've looked for long,  
When o'er the earth shall swell  
The glad redemption song.

2 O'er all the world we long to see the day,  
When He shall drive the shadows far away;  
Copyright of author.

Then every one shall bow to Him the kn  
His banner wave in glory over land and

3 O'er all the world His righteousness shall sp  
Earth's hungry ones shall of His store be  
Then all the sin shall quickly flee away,  
The night-shades fly before our Saviour's world-

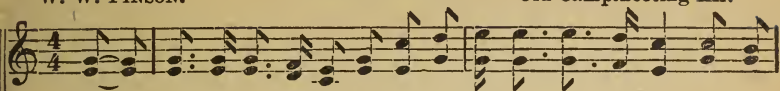
4 O'er all the world our anthems then shall r  
Glad hallelujahs to our Saviour King;  
Up to yon heaven our swelling notes shall r  
While angels waft the chorus thro' those God-lit  
L. L. PICKETT

## THE WHISKEY SHOPS MUST GO.

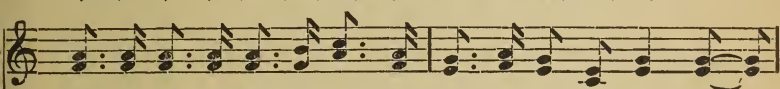
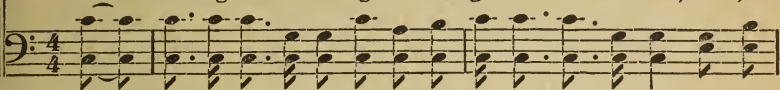
(CAMPAIGN SONG.)

W. W. PINSON.

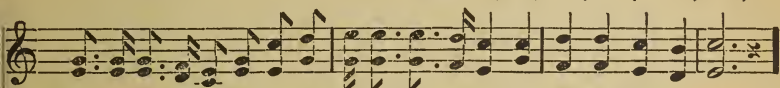
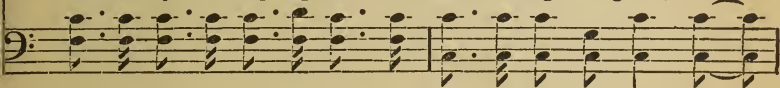
Old Campmeeting Air.



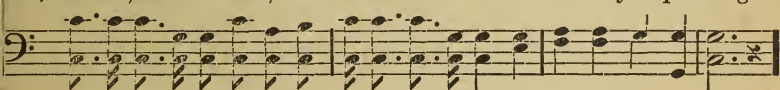
1. Oh, comrades in this conflict of the right a- gainst the wrong, To the
2. Je - ho-vah's wrath is kindled, and His arm is lift - ed high, For from
3. From the silence and the shadows, where our mothers weep and pray, With their
4. Hear the children cry for pit - y from the cru - el heart of greed; See them
5. We are com-ing! we are coming! for the light has dawned at last; Hark, the



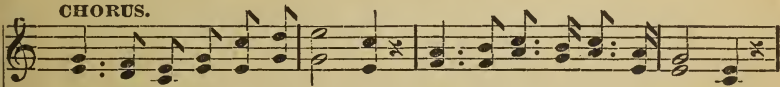
bat-tle of the bal - lots come with shout-ing and with song; And  
out the dust of a - ges He has heard the mar - tyr's cry; The  
pa-tient hands uplift - ed 'gainst the woe they can - not stay, We have  
trampled in - to si - lence by the mon - ster while they plead! Be  
bat-tle-cry is ring-ing, and our lines are length'ning fast, For



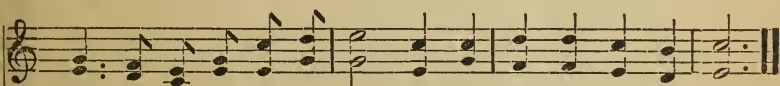
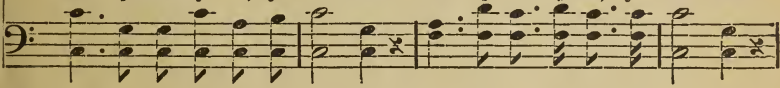
this shall be our slogan as the legions march along—"The whiskey shops must go."  
cup of wrath is brimming, and His vengeance draweth nigh—"The whiskey shops must go."  
heard a voice entreating us to sweep the curse away—"The whiskey shops must go."  
quick, my patriot brothers, to the rescue let us speed—"The whiskey shops must go."  
God, and Home, and Native Land, our ballots shall be cast—"The whiskey shops must go."



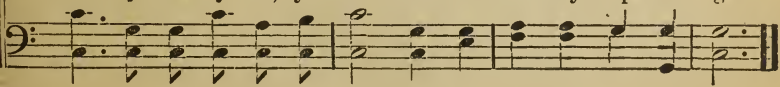
## CHORUS.



Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men!



Ral - ly! Ral-ly! O, ye free - men! The whis-key shops must go.

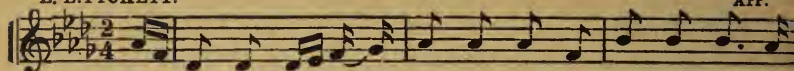


# No. 19.

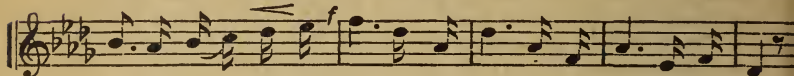
# HOORAY FOR PROHIBITION!

L. L. PICKETT.

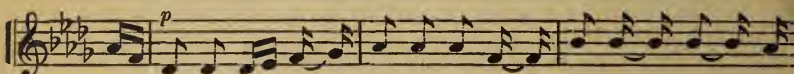
Arr.



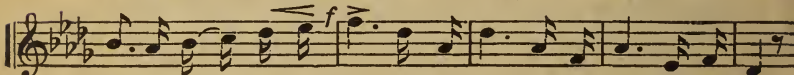
1. This land of ours shall soon be free, And we will sound the
2. We love our land, our sons and daughters, Pearl-y brooks and
3. The drunk-ard's chains shall then be brok - en, For the Word of
4. We want no more of beer and bran - dy, No more rum nor



ju - bi - lee! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 run-ning waters! Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 God hath spoken, Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 poisoned\* candy, Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

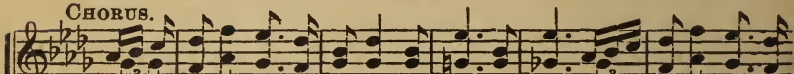


And we will drive the curse of rum From out this land to  
 In free-dom's name we raise our voic - es! While we shout the  
 From Cal - i - for - nia to the mountains, Thence on up to Maine!  
 For bread no chil - dren will be cry - ing, No heart - brok - en

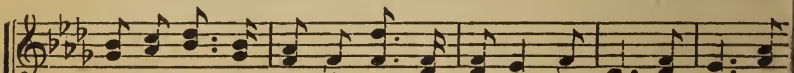
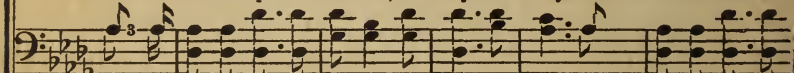


"kingdom come," Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 land re - joices, Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 clear fount - ains, Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!  
 wid - ows dy - ing, Ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee! ju - bi - lee!

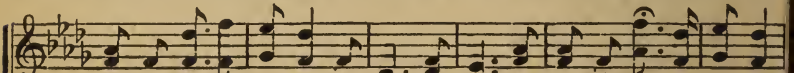
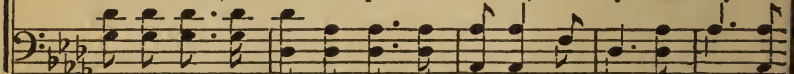
## CHORUS.



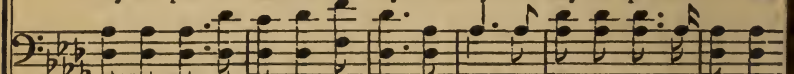
Then we'll shout for pro - hi - bi - tion, Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! And hand in hand we'll



take our stand, We'll stand for pro - hi - bi - tion; Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! hoo -



ray for pro - hi - bi - tion! Hoo - ray! hoo - ray! hoo - ray for pro - hi - bi - tion



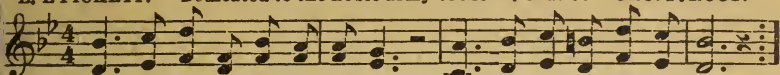
\*The rummies are putting out alcoholized candy to breed a taste for liquors.

Copyright, 1912, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

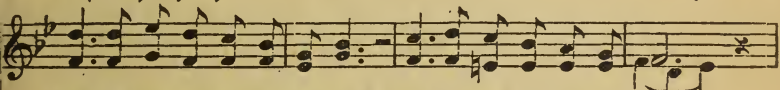
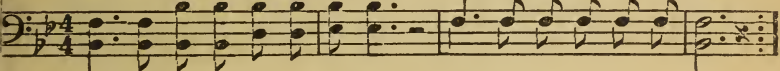


# No. 20. HOW I WISH HE KNEW MY JESUS.

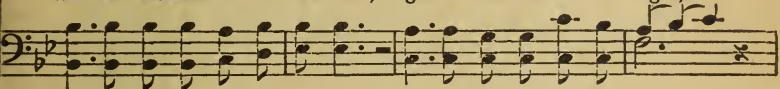
L. L. PICKETT. Dedicated to the noble army of the W. C. T. U. GEO. F. ROOT.



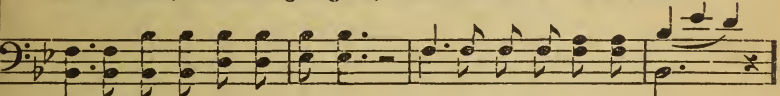
- |  |                                   |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| 1. When I see the drunkard reel-ing,     | See him stag-ger-ing a - long,    |
| When I hear his fool-ish chat-ter,       | Lis - ten to his maud-lin song,   |
| 2. Sad it is that He should wander,      | In the ways of death and sin,     |
| Trampling on the blood that bought him,  | And would gladly bring him in,    |
| 3. Will you go and seek the lost one,    | Tell him of our Sav-iour dear?    |
| Of the Fount of hope and cleansing,      | Of that stream so pure and clear? |
| 4. Who will join our tem-p'rance forces, | Vote and pray for bet-ter days,   |
| Bat - tle for our coun-try's up - lift,  | Vic-try's ban-ner to up - raise?  |



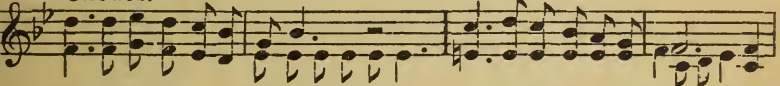
How my heart is pained with anguish, And my spir - it suf-fers so,  
In from rag-ing storm and tempest, To the shel-ter of God's love,  
Let us join the ar-my, broth-er, March beneath its folds so bright,  
We will wit-ness for our Sav-iour, Fight the bat-tles of the right,



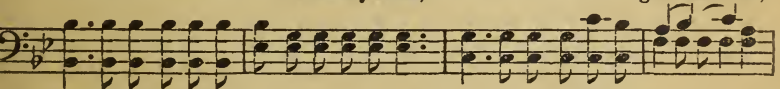
As I think of man im-mor-tal, Brought by sin so ver - y low.  
To the fold of the good Shepherd, And the mansions bright a-bove.  
Bring the weak and falt'ring wand'rer, To the mansions of de-light.  
Join the hosts, the marching le-gions, With their bow of rib-bon white.



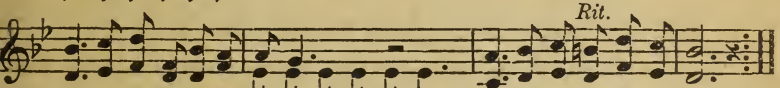
CHORUS.



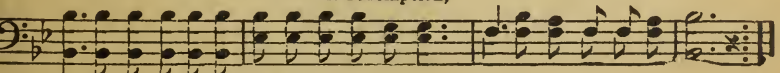
How I wish he knew my Je-sus, Knew my Saviour good and true; Whose  
knew my Jesus, good and true;



*Rit.*



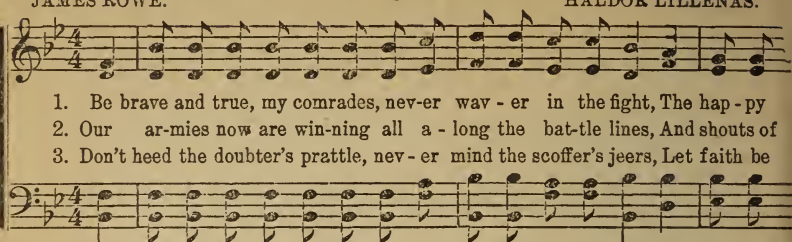
blood has purchased his redemption, And would save him thro' and thro'.  
his redemption,



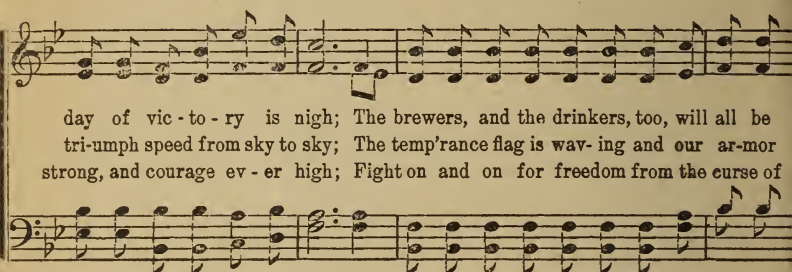
# No. 21. WE SHALL SWEEP THE COUNTRY.

JAMES ROWE.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

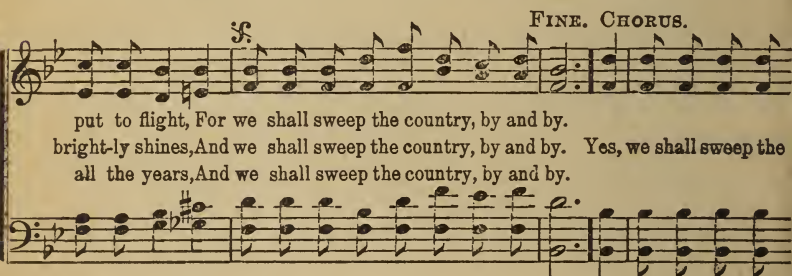


1. Be brave and true, my comrades, nev-er way - er in the fight, The hap - py  
 2. Our ar-mies now are win-ning all a - long the bat-tle lines, And shouts of  
 3. Don't heed the doubter's prattle, nev - er mind the scoffer's jeers, Let faith be

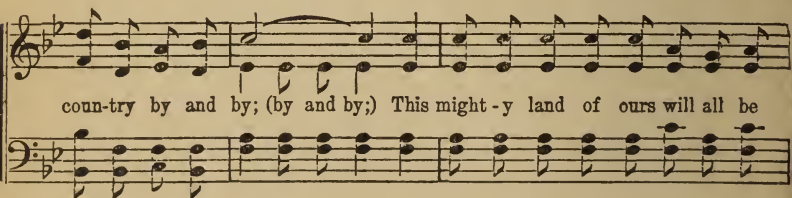


day of vic - to - ry is nigh; The brewers, and the drinkers, too, will all be  
 tri-umph speed from sky to sky; The temp'rance flag is wav - ing and our ar-mor  
 strong, and courage ev - er high; Fight on and on for freedom from the curse of

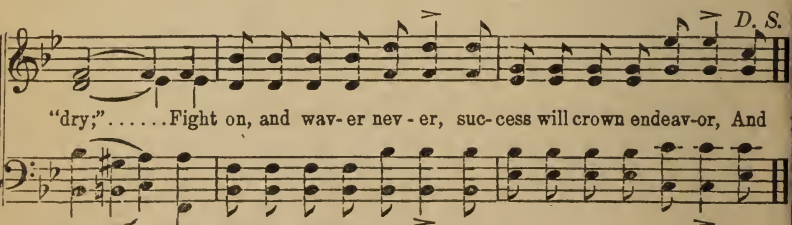
FINE. CHORUS.



put to flight, For we shall sweep the country, by and by.  
 bright-ly shines, And we shall sweep the country, by and by. Yes, we shall sweep the  
 all the years, And we shall sweep the country, by and by.



coun-try by and by; (by and by;) This might - y land of ours will all be



"dry;" ..... Fight on, and wav-er nev - er, suc-cess will crown endeav-or, And

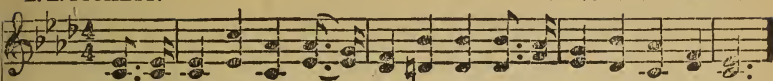


## TO THE BATTLE FRONT!

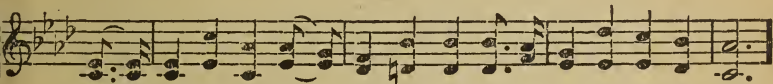
Copyright, 1913, by L. L. Pickett, St. Augustine, Fla.

L. L. PICKETT.

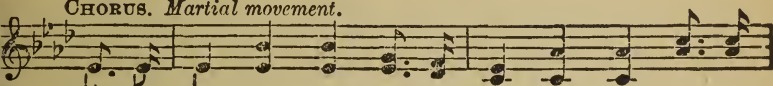
REV. L. L. PICKETT.



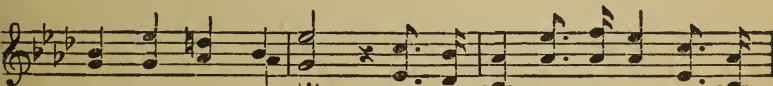
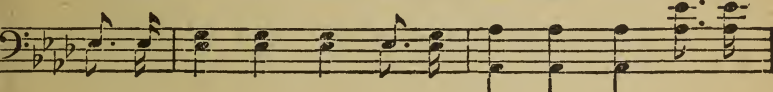
1. Hear the bu - gle sound - ing loud and clear, Calling to the bat - tle-field;
2. While the hosts of God are marshalling, Will you join their ranks to-day,
3. Let us fight each sin and ev - 'ry vice, Standing for the good and true;
4. There are en - e - mies of home and state, En - e - mies of truth and right;
5. On e - lec - tion day we must Christians prove, Vote for pro - hi - bi - tion straight;



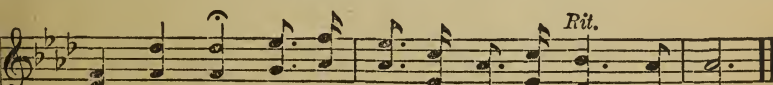
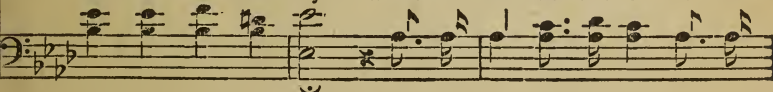
'Tis the call of Christ, our Cap - tain dear, Who would have us nev - er yield.  
 And for - ward march with Christ our King To the hot - test of the fray.  
 For the Mas - ter needs such soldiers brave, And He calls for me and you.  
 We must bold - ly stand a - gainst them all, For the good must live and fight.  
 Till the land's redeemed from the liquor curse, And the drunkard from his fate.

CHORUS. *Martial movement.*

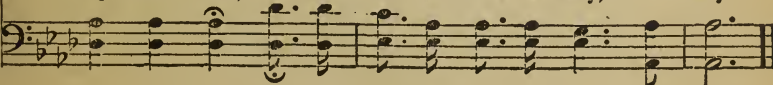
To the bat - tle front we will rise and go, We will



face the foe to - day! Where He leads we will fol - low our



Cap - tain true; To the bat - tle front a - way, a - way!



# No. 23. A SALOONLESS NATION, IN 1920.

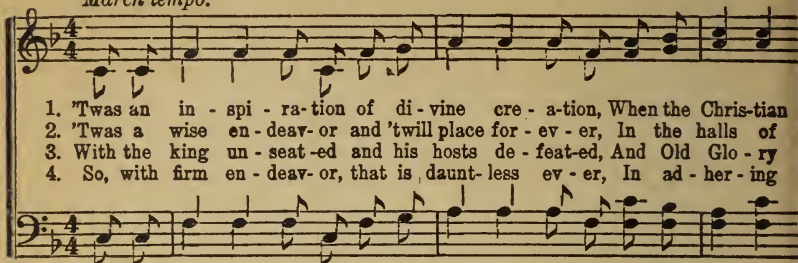
A resolution adopted by the Christian Endeavor Society in National Convention held in Atlantic City, N. J., July 7-13, 1911.

J. G. DAILEY.

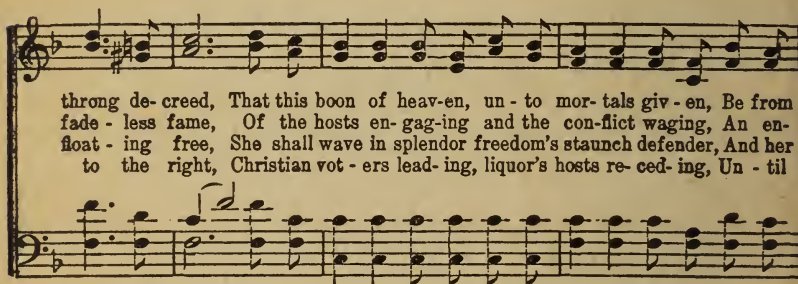
(The Jubilee Song.)

J. G. DAILEY.

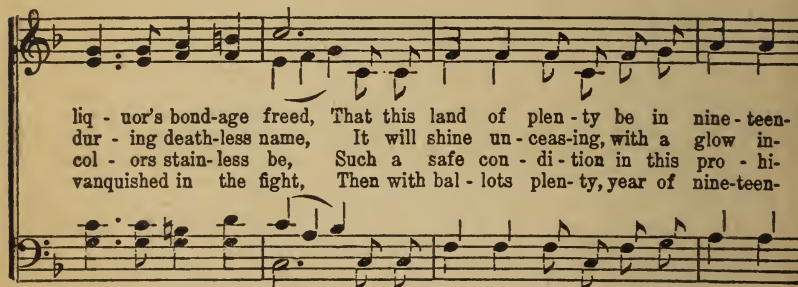
*March tempo.*



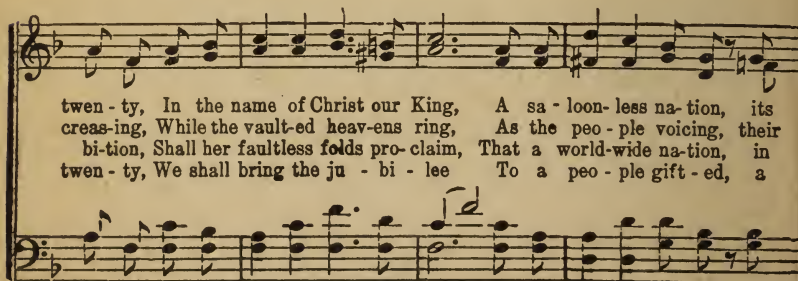
1. 'Twas an in - spi - ra - tion of di - vine cre - a - tion, When the Chris - tian  
 2. 'Twas a wise en - deav - or and 'twill place for - ev - er, In the halls of  
 3. With the king un - seat - ed and his hosts de - feat - ed, And Old Glo - ry  
 4. So, with firm en - deav - or, that is, daunt - less ev - er, In ad - her - ing



throng de - creed, That this boon of heav - en, un - to mor - tals giv - en, Be from  
 fade - less fame, Of the hosts en - gag - ing and the con - flict waging, An en -  
 float - ing free, She shall wave in splendor freedom's staunch defender, And her  
 to the right, Christian vot - ers lead - ing, liquor's hosts re - ced - ing, Un - til



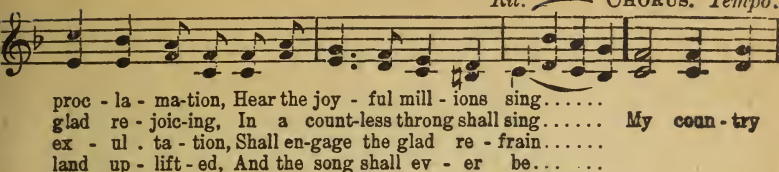
liq - uor's bond - age freed, That this land of plen - ty be in nine - teen -  
 dur - ing death - less name, It will shine un - ceas - ing, with a glow in -  
 col - ors stain - less be, Such a safe con - di - tion in this pro - hi -  
 vanquished in the fight, Then with bal - lots plen - ty, year of nine - teen -



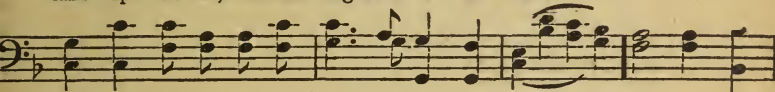
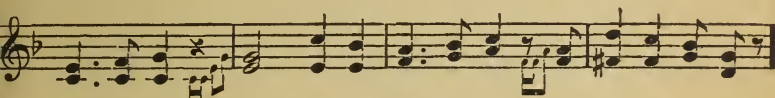
twen - ty, In the name of Christ our King, A sa - loon - less na - tion, its  
 creas - ing, While the vault - ed heav - ens ring, As the peo - ple voicing, their  
 bi - tion, Shall her faultless folds pro - claim, That a world - wide na - tion, in  
 twen - ty, We shall bring the ju - bi - lee To a peo - ple gift - ed, a

# A SALOONLESS NATION, IN 1920. Concluded.

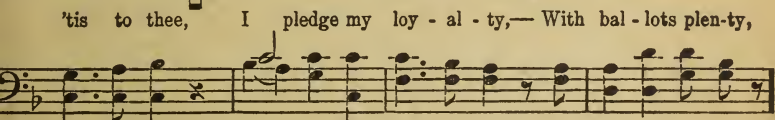
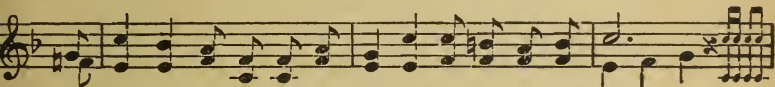
*Rit.* CHORUS. *Tempo.*



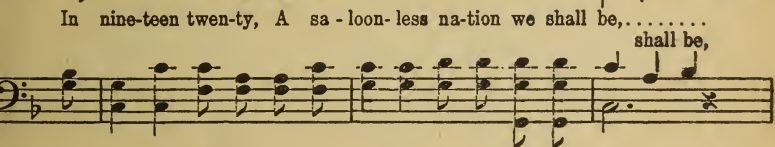
proc - la - ma - tion, Hear the joy - ful mill - ions sing.....  
 glad re - joic - ing, In a count - less throng shall sing..... My coun - try  
 ex - ul - ta - tion, Shall en - gage the glad re - frain.....  
 land up - lift - ed, And the song shall ev - er be.....

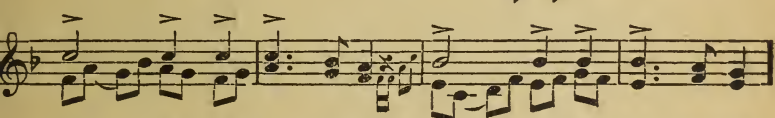
'tis to thee, I pledge my loy - al - ty, — With bal - lots plen - ty,

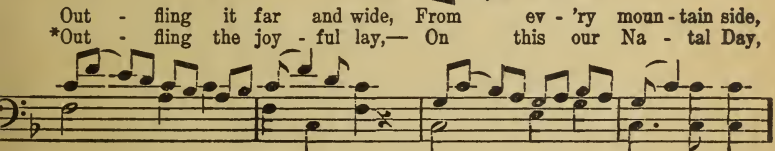
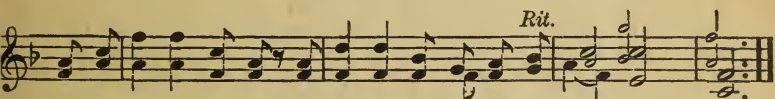
In nine - teen twen - ty, A sa - loon - less na - tion we shall be,.....



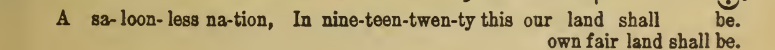
shall be,



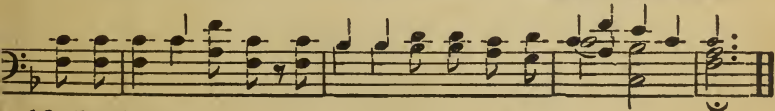
Out - fling it far and wide, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side,  
 \*Out - fling the joy - ful lay, — On this our Na - tal Day,

*Rit.*



A sa - loon - less na - tion, In nine - teen - twen - ty this our land shall be.  
 own fair land shall be.



\* On the 4th of July.



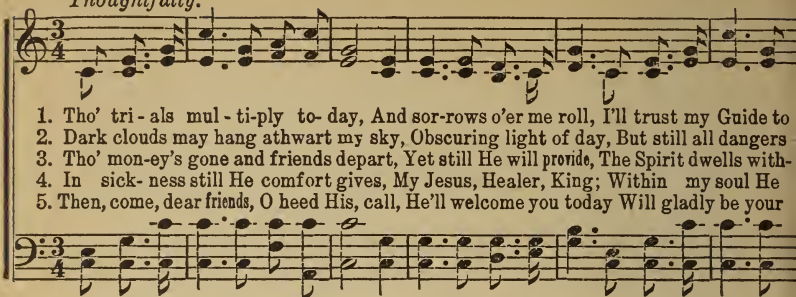
## No. 25.

## HE'LL SEE ME THROUGH.

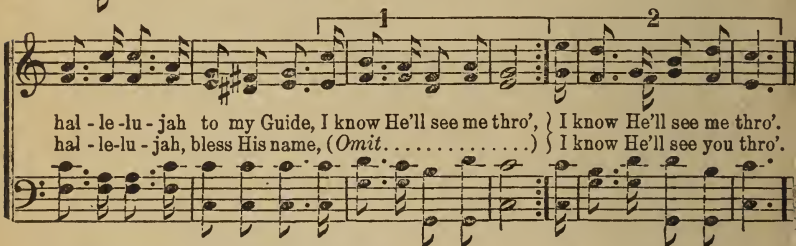
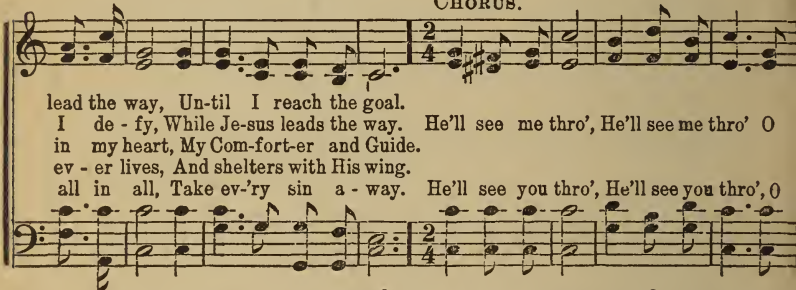
L. L. P.

(Good for Solo.)

REV. L. L. PICKETT.

*Thoughtfully.*

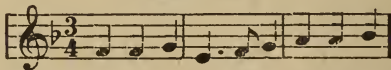
## CHORUS.



Copyright, 1912, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky.

## No. 26.

## AMERICA.



- 1 My country! 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Of thee I sing;  
Land where my fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side  
Let freedom ring.
- 2 My native country! thee,  
Land of the noble free,  
Thy name I love;  
I love thy rocks and rills,  
Thy woods and templed hills,  
My heart with rapture thrills,  
Like that above.

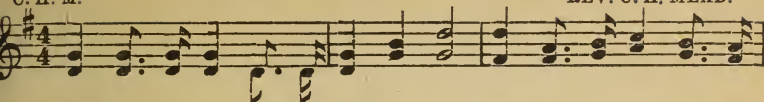
- 3 Let music swell the breeze,  
And ring from all the trees  
Sweet freedom's song;  
Let mortal tongues awake,  
Let all that breathe partake,  
Let rocks their silence break,  
The sound prolong.
- 4 Our fathers' God! to thee,  
Author of liberty,  
To Thee we sing;  
Long may our land be bright  
With freedom's holy light,  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King!

# 27. UP WITH YOUR HANDS.

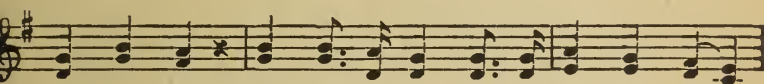
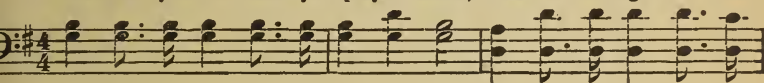
Copyright, 1900, by C. H. Mead. Used by per.

C. H. M.

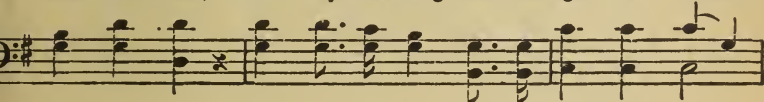
REV. C. H. MEAD.



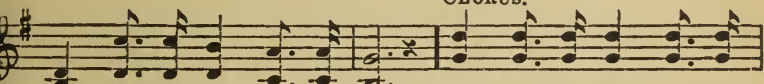
1. All thro' the land there's a dead - ly foe, Deal - ing out sor - row and
2. Li - censed is he to de - stroy and kill, Par - ties and lead - ers o -
3. Send out the war - cry, both loud and long, Down with this ty - rant of
4. Down with your vote while your pray'rs ascend, Press on the fight till the



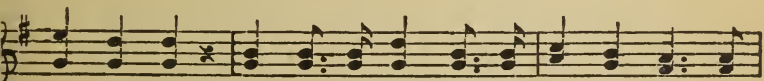
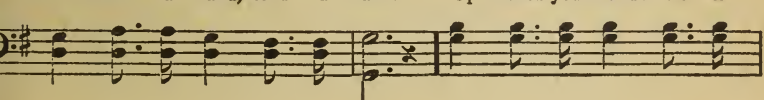
crime and woe; Who'll lend a hand that will lay him low,—  
 bey his will; Who, then, will stand and de - fy him still,—  
 li - censed wrong! Who'll join the ranks of the brave and strong,—  
 war shall end; Stand by the King and the right de - fend!—



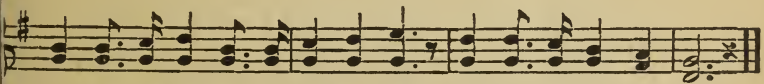
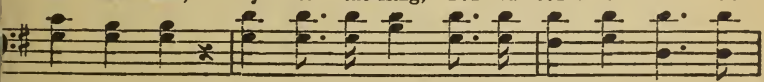
## CHORUS.



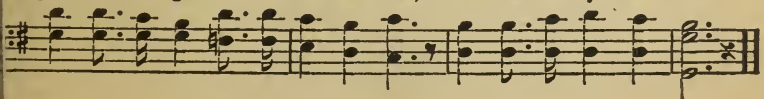
Who'll lend a hand, lend a hand? Up with your hands un - til



all can see; Say to the King, You can count on me To



push on the fight till the land is free,—Free from the ty - rant rum.



28.

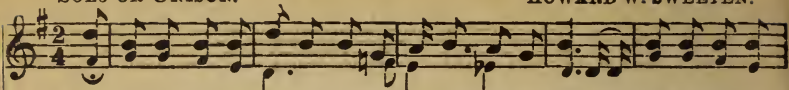
## WE'LL VOTE HER DRY.

H. W. S.

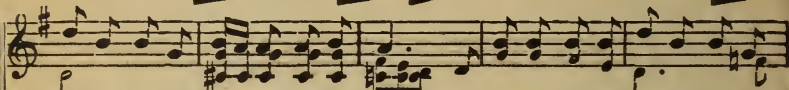
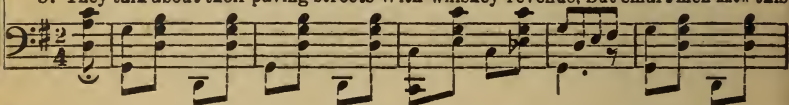
Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.

SOLO OR UNISON.

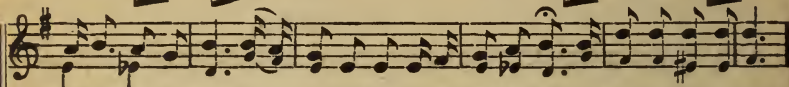
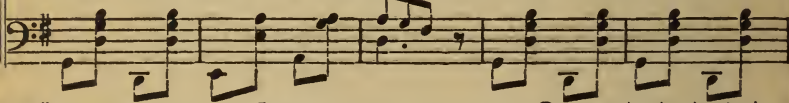
HOWARD W. SWEETEN.



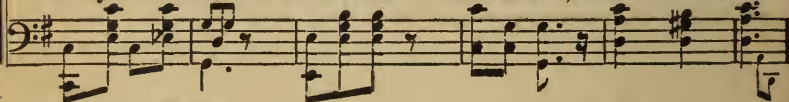
1. Right soon will come election day, My brother nev-er fear, We'll stop the sale in
2. The fight we're making must be fair, No tricky means we'll use, But with the votes of
3. On ev-'ry cor-ner of our street, While we are passing by, The question men will
4. They talk of oth-er cit-ies, and The lack of business there, For they know not how to
5. They talk about their paving streets With whiskey revenue, But smart men know this



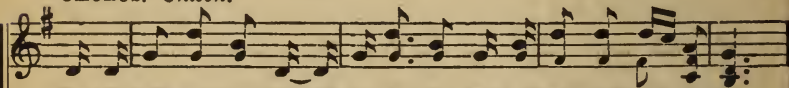
whiskey shops Of booze and la-ger beer; The issue, then, we'll meet it square, We'll  
hon-est men, The devil will get his dues. We've lived for years in whiskey rule, And  
greet you with Is one of wet or dry. The bus-y man be-hind the bar Is  
meet us right And fight us on the square. But now, my friend, this story's stale, We  
is hot air That they are giv-ing you. The liq-uor traf-fic is a curse, As



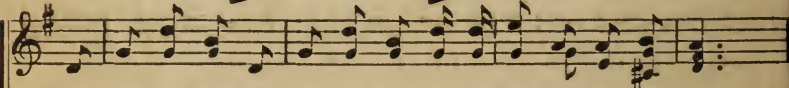
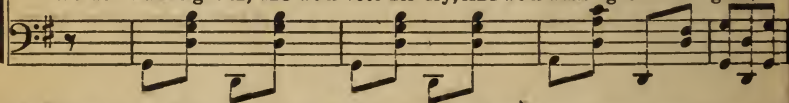
give it a black eye; The saloon must close, ev'ryone well knows, And now I'll tell you why.  
under his do-main, But now we stand a sol-id band, For pro-hi-bi-tion reign.  
waiting with a sigh, For he knows that some fine morning, soon, He'll find the country dry.  
hear it o'er and o'er, And next e-lec-tion, when we vote, Your booze will be no more.  
ev-'ry one can tell, And soon we'll drive it from this land, To its native home in—



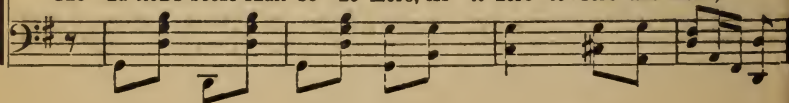
CHORUS. Unison.



We will walk right in, and we'll vote her dry, And we'll walk right out a-gain;

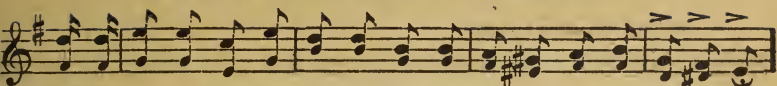


The na-tion's booze shall be no more, As it here-to-fore has been;

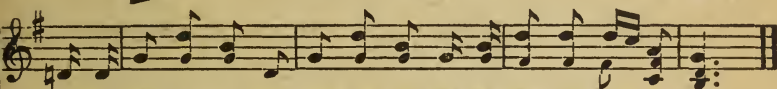
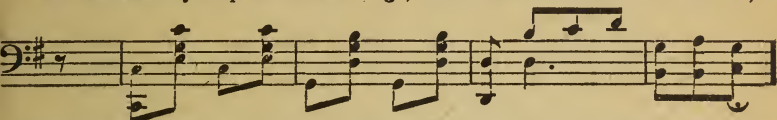




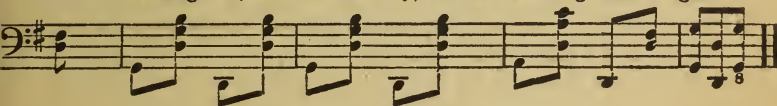
## WE'LL VOTE HER DRY. Concluded.



All the whis-key shops are bound to go, For soon we're sure to vote her so,



For we'll walk right in, and vote her dry, And we'll walk right out a - gain.

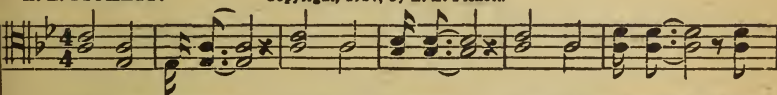


29.

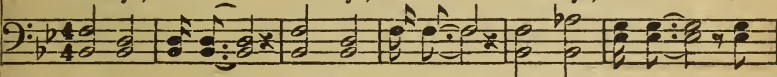
## GOOD-BYE RUMMIES.

L. L. PICKETT.

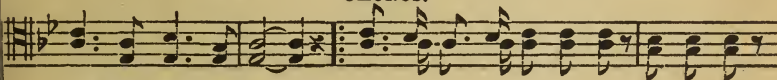
Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.



- |                          |                       |                       |        |
|--------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|--------|
| 1. Good-bye, rum-mies!   | Good-bye, rum-mies!   | Good-bye, rum-mies!   | We're  |
| 2. Good-bye, an - tis!   | Good-bye, an - tis!   | Good-bye, an - tis!   | You're |
| 3. Good-bye, drink-er!   | Good-bye, drink-er!   | Good-bye, drink-er!   | You    |
| 4. Good-bye, brew-ers!   | Good-bye, brew-ers!   | Good-bye, brew-ers!   | You've |
| 5. Good-bye, li - cense! | Good-bye, li - cense! | Good-bye, li - cense! | The    |
| 6. Good-bye, booz - er!  | Good-bye, booz - er!  | Good-bye, booz - er!  | Un-    |

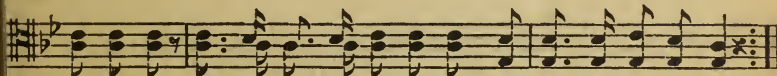
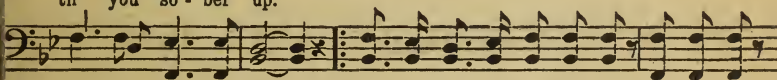


### CHORUS.

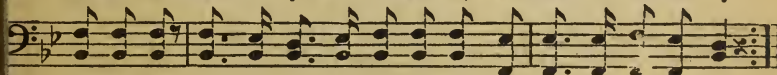


going to vote you out.  
sure to lose the day.  
can not hold your job.  
cursed us long e - nough.  
na - tion's wak - ing up.  
til you so - ber up.

Mer - ri - ly we hast-en on, hast-en on,

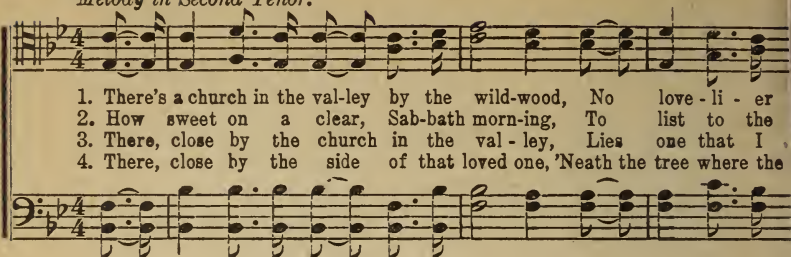


hast-en on, Mer - ri - ly we hast-en on, To make our na-tion dry.

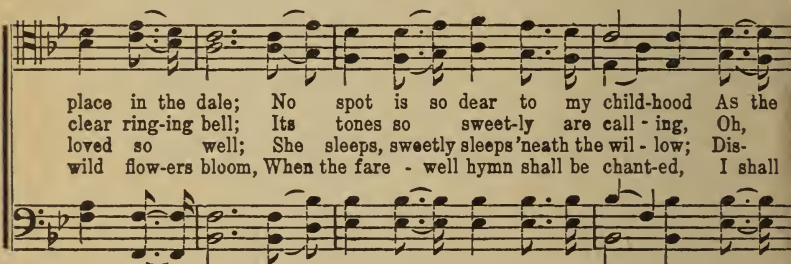


W. S. P.

DR. WM. S. PITTS.

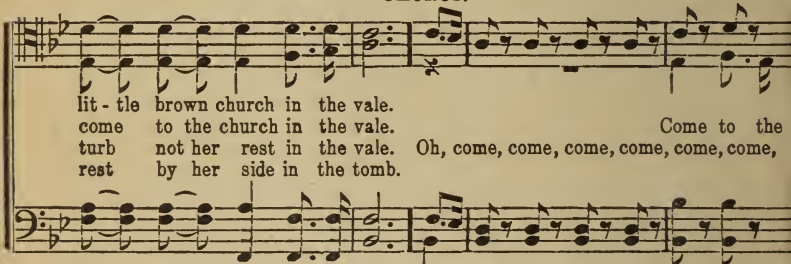
*Melody in Second Tenor.*


1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er  
 2. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing, To list to the  
 3. There, close by the church in the val-ley, Lies one that I  
 4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

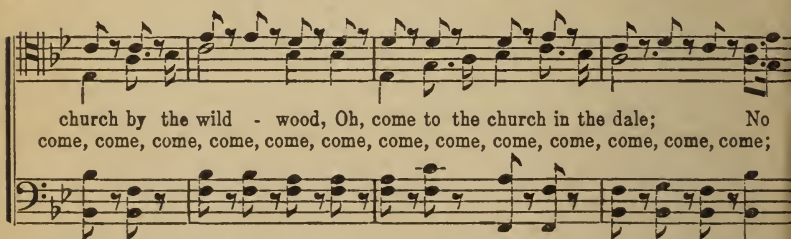


place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the  
 clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,  
 loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps 'neath the wil-low; Dis-  
 wild flow-ers bloom, When the fare-well hymn shall be chant-ed, I shall

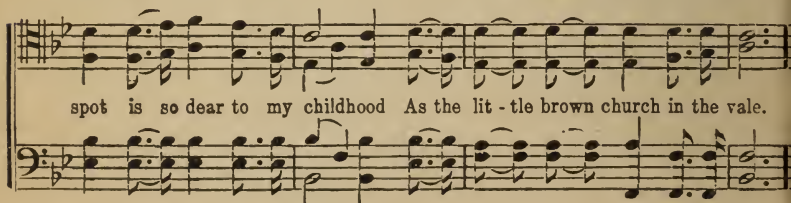
## CHORUS.



lit-tle brown church in the vale.  
 come to the church in the vale. Come to the  
 turb not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,  
 rest by her side in the tomb.



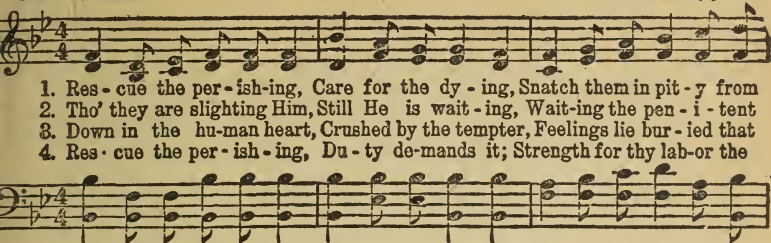
church by the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale; No  
 come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



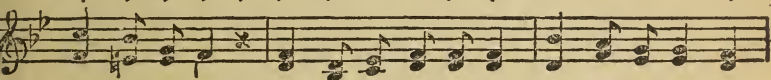
spot is so dear to my childhood As the lit-tle brown church in the vale.

## Rescue the Perishing.

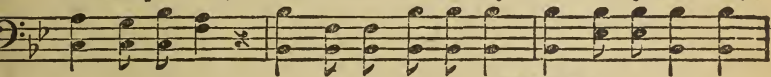
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled,"—Luke 14:23.  
FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE. By per.



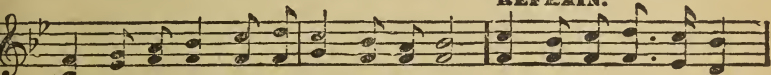
1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur-ied that
4. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty de-mands it; Strength for thy lab-or the



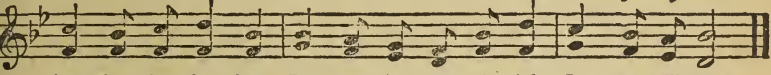
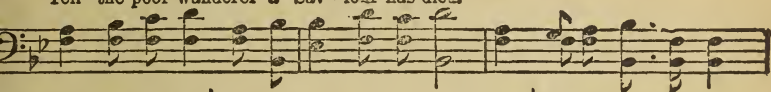
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing ones, Lift up the fall-en,  
child to re-ceive. Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gent-ly;  
grace can re-store, Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,  
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



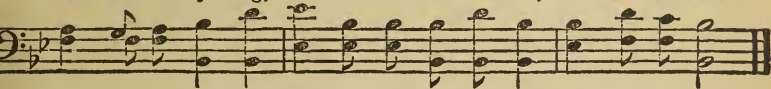
## REFRAIN.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.  
He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing,  
Chords that are brok-en will vi-brate once more.  
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



## The Child of a King. (Key F.)

1 My Father is rich  
In houses and lands,  
He holdeth the wealth  
Of the world in His hands!  
Of rubies and diamonds,  
Of silver and gold  
His coffers are full,  
He has riches untold!

I'm the child of a King!  
The child of a King!

With Jesus, my Saviour,  
I'm the child of a King.

2 A tent or a cottage,  
Why should I care?  
They're building a palace  
For me over there.  
Though exiled from home,  
Yet still I may sing:  
"All glory to God,  
I'm the child of a King."

H. E. BURL.

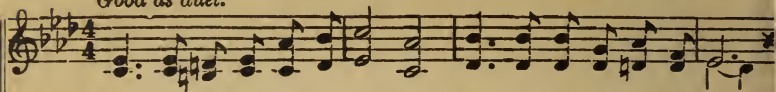


Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.

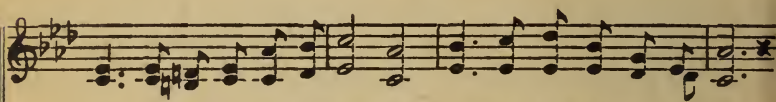
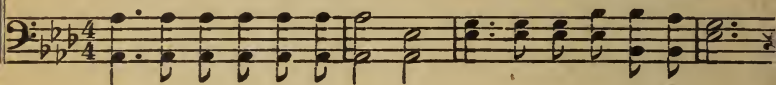
REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

*Good as duet.*

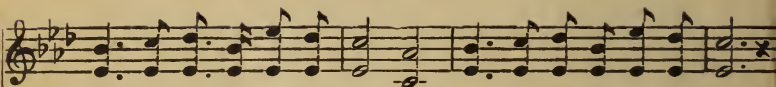
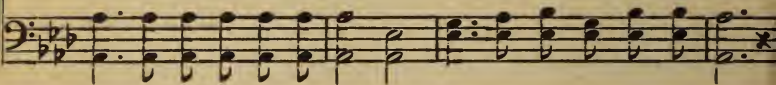
REV. L. L. PICKETT.



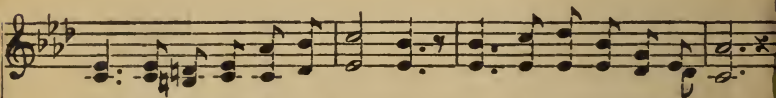
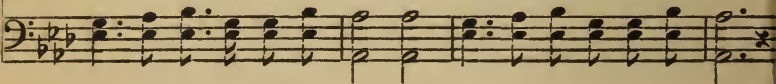
1. Men of faith and men of cour-age, wait-ing or-ders from the Lord,
2. "Ev-er for-ward! up and on-ward," our Je-ho-vah bids us go;
3. Strike for right and strike for jus-tice, strike for home and na-tive land!
4. Press the bat-tle! fearless ev-er, and the foe-man must give way!



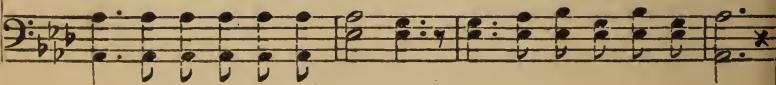
Here's a tel-e-gram from heaven! "On-ward! forward!" is the word;  
 "On-ward! forward! ev-er on-ward!" ev-'ry heart with faith a-glow;  
 Strike for God and for His king-dom with a firm and fear-less hand!  
 Press the bat-tle! nev-er fal-ter! vic-t'ry waits our flag to-day!



Get you read-y for the bat-tle, press in-to the hot-test fray,  
 Nerve-less syc-o-phants may cow-er, we will bold, un-fear-ing be,  
 Dare to front the e-vil le-gions that would fill us with af-fright,  
 God has pledged His arm of pow-er and His might will be dis-played,

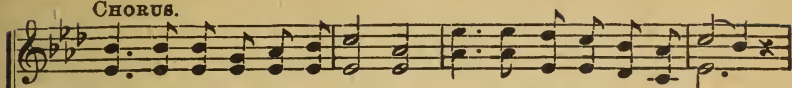


"Onward! forward!" be the watch-word all a-long the line to-day.  
 For Je-ho-vah's pledge assures us ours will be the vic-to-ry.  
 For the Lord who reigns in heav-en will be with us in the fight.  
 If we press the ear-nest con-flict, trust-ing Him and un-a-fraid.

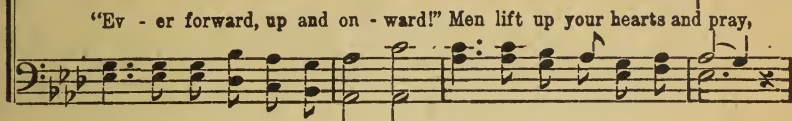
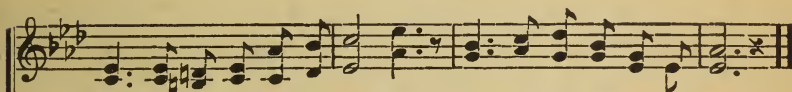


# EVER FORWARD! UP AND ONWARD. Concluded.

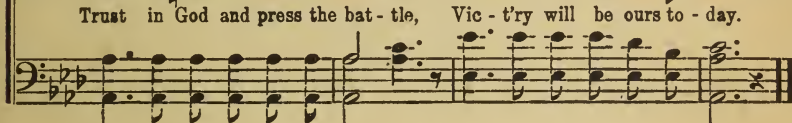
## CHORUS.



"Ev - er forward, up and on - ward!" Men lift up your hearts and pray,

Trust in God and press the bat - tle, Vic - t'ry will be ours to - day.

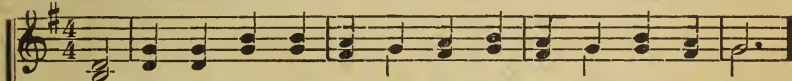


## 34.

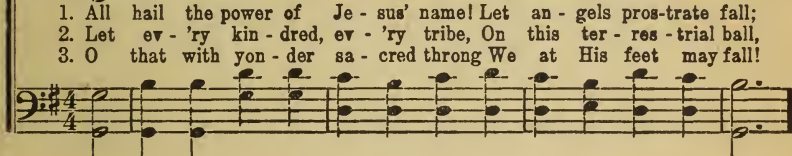
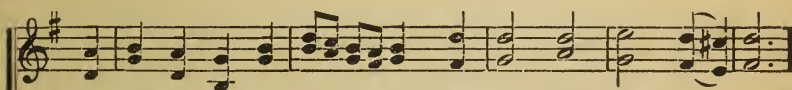
## ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET.

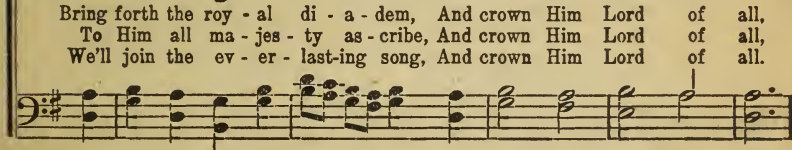
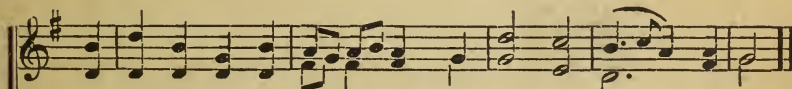
OLIVER HOLDEN.



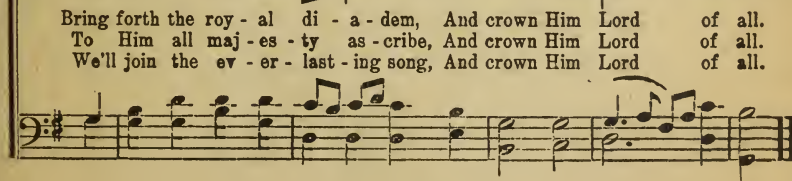
1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;  
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,  
 3. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all,  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

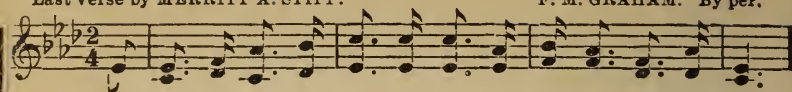



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - crite, And crown Him Lord of all.  
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

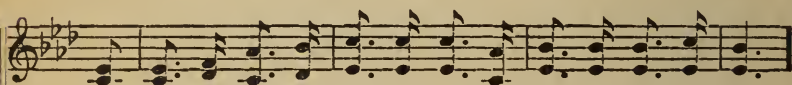
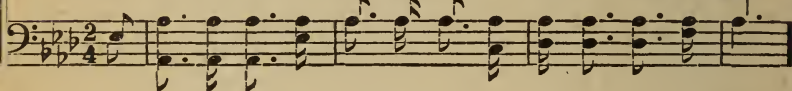


Last verse by MERRITT A. STIPP.

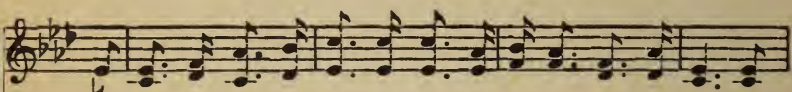
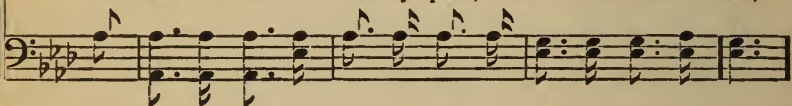
F. M. GRAHAM. By per.



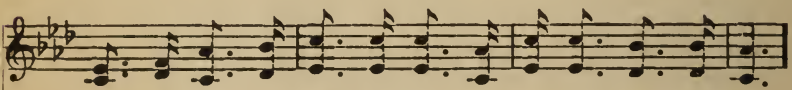
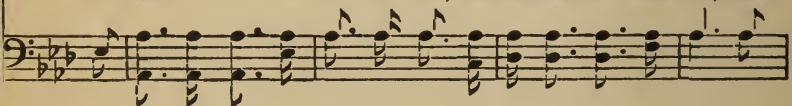
1. The sto - ry, sir? why, real - ly now, I have - n't much to say,
2. He used to sneak a - long the street, his head was bend - ed low,
3. I used to be a . fraid of him, when com - ing home at night,
4. Now morn - ings when he goes to work, I kneel right down and say;
5. He used to cast a li - cense vote for whis - ky, beer and gin;



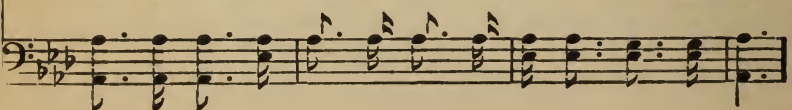
If you had called a year a - go, and then a - gain to - day,  
 As if he was a - fraid to meet the friends he used to know,  
 But now it gives me joy su - preme, and fills me with de - light;  
 "Fa - ther in heav - en, bless dear Jim, and keep him saved to - day;"  
 But now to him 'tis ver - y plain, that li - cense is a sin;



No need for an - y one to tell, for you could plain - ly see, Just  
 But now he walks with head up - right, his step is bold and free, That's  
 The ba - by plays a - round his chair, and climbs up - on his knee, That's  
 And nights, be - fore we go to sleep, give thanks on bend - ed knee; That's  
 He casts a Pro - hi - bi - tion vote, and stands out bold and free; That's



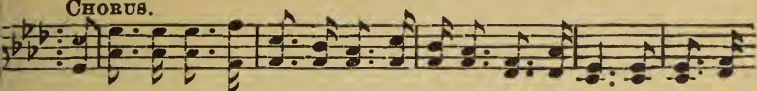
what our God has done for us, Has done for Jim and me.



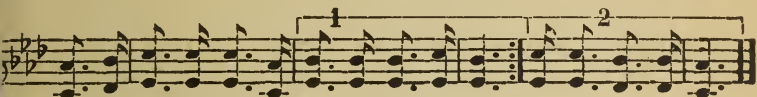
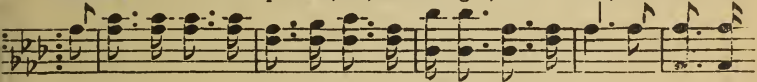


## JIM AND ME. Concluded.

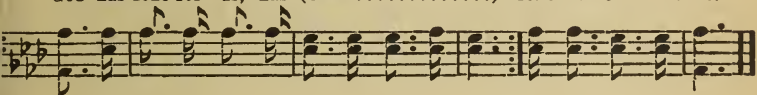
### CHORUS.



The pail that holds the milk to-day, he used to fill with beer, But he's not  
Just look in - to the cup-board, sir, there's sugar, flour and tea, That's what cur



spent a cent for drink in now al-most a year,  
God has done for us, has (*Omit*.....) done for Jim and me.



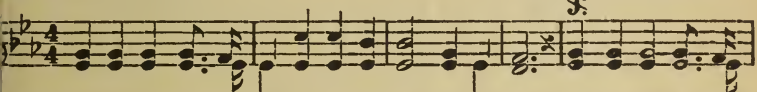
## FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

By per. of R. M. McIntosh.

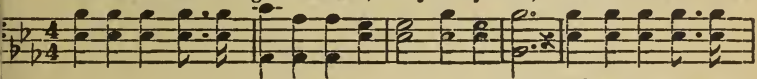
"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow in His steps."—1 Peter 2:21.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

DR. A. B. EVERETT.



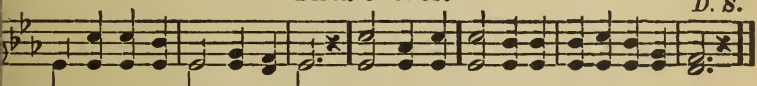
1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee calling, Come, follow me! And we see where Thy
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seeking His sheep; Or a-long by Si-
3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho-ly, Preaching the word; Or in homes of the
4. By and by, thro' the shining portals, Turn-ing our feet, We shall walk, with the
5. Then at last when on high He sees us, Our journey done, We shall rest where the



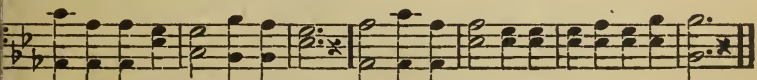
D. S.— We will fol-low the

### FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.



footprints falling, Lead us to Thee.  
lo-am's fountains, Helping the weak.  
poor and low-ly, Serv-ing the Lord. Footprints of Jesus, that make the pathway glow,  
glad immortals, Heav'n's golden street.  
steps of Je-sus End at His throne.



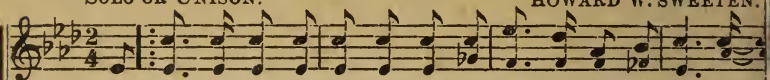
steps of Je-sus, Where'er they go.

H. W. S.

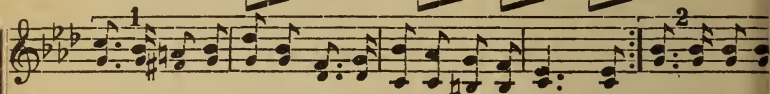
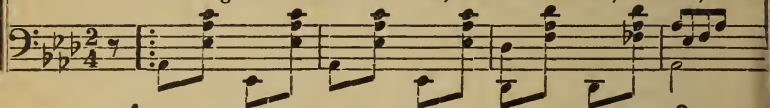
Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.

SOLO OR UNISON.

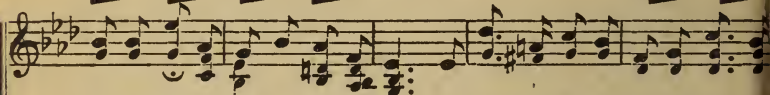
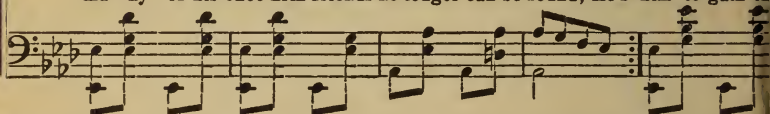
HOWARD W. SWEETEN.



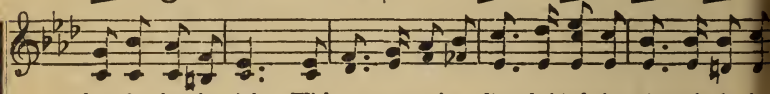
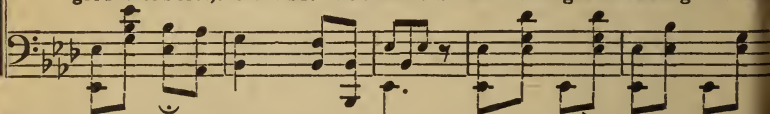
1. A fight is rag-ing in the land, and free-dom we must win From the  
forc-es now en-list-ing, they are standing hand in hand, To
2. Long we have borne the whis-key curse and seen its blood-y stain, But  
nev-er tir-ing ef-fort wage the bat-tle year by year, And
3. Our en-e-my is fight-ing hard to make an-oth-er round, But  
work-ing hard to save his life, but die he must, we know, For



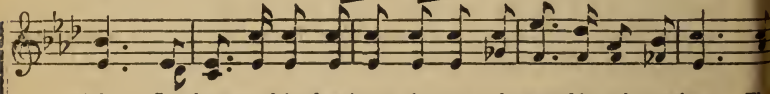
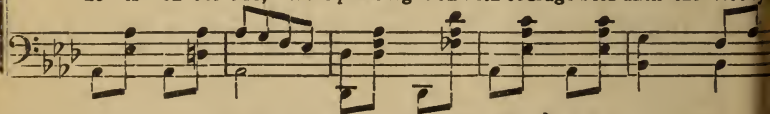
liq-uor traffic, with its curse, its crime, its shame, its sin; Our wipe the bloody  
now we cast our ballots straight, nor cast a one in vain; With nev-er with suc-  
ma-ny of his once firm friends no longer can be found; He's him to gain the



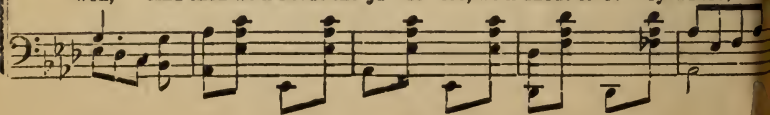
curse of rum from off our na-tive land. To win the day we take our stand and  
prospect for a fut-ure bright and clear. The manhood of this na-tion standing  
ground he's lost, there is but lit-tle show. So while the fight is wax-ing hot and



bat-tle for the right, With par-ty prej-u-dice behind the tri-umph is in  
for the right at last, No long-er will be guilt-y of their fol-lies of the  
he is on the run, We'll press right on with courage bold until the vict'ry

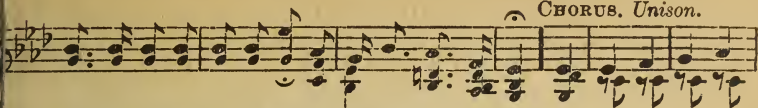


sight; So cheer up friend, we're on the verge, the sound is ev'-ry-where, The  
past; The whiskey men are ev'-ry-where in trou-ble and de-spair, For  
won, And then we'll shout the ju-bi-lee, we'll shout it ev'-ry-where, Yes

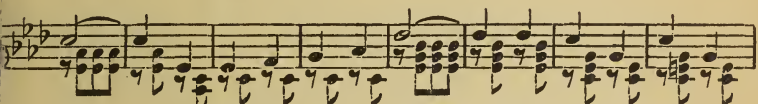
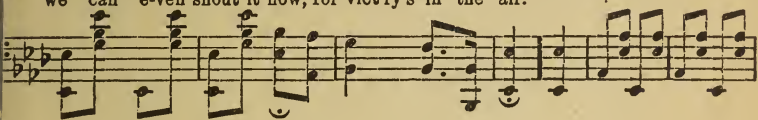


# THERE'S VICT'RY IN THE AIR. Concluded.

CHORUS. Unison.



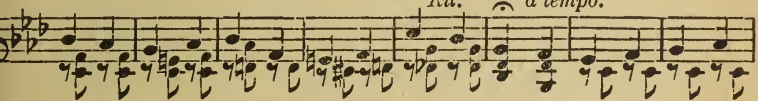
word from valley, hill and dale, shows vict'ry in the air.  
they themselves can hear the sound of vict'ry in the air. There's vict'ry in the  
we can e-ven shout it now, for vict'ry's in the air.



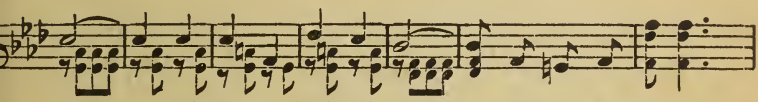
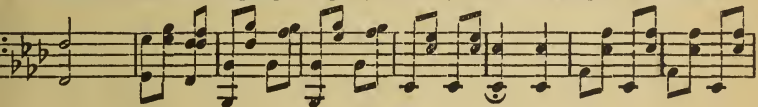
air, . . . 'tis sound-ing ev - 'ry - where, The sound is ring-ing



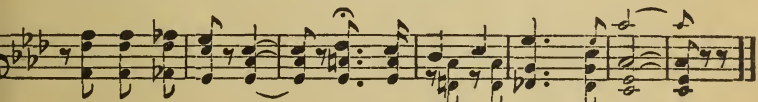
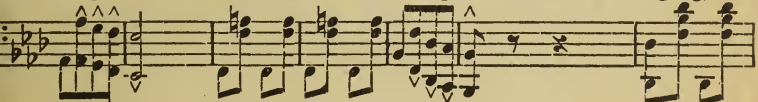
*Rit.* *a tempo.*



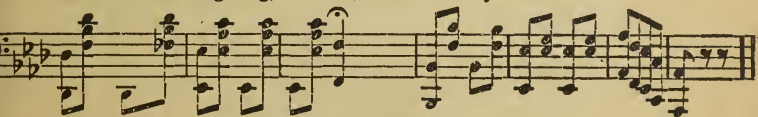
loud and clear, 'tis ring-ing, ring-ing, ev - 'ry-where; Then speed the word a-



long. . . with voic-es loud and strong, While we are sing-ing,



the sound is ring-ing, Oh, there's vic'try in the air. . .





## OUR TEMPERANCE BANNER.

REV. J. E. GODBEY.

Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY.

SOLO OR QUARTET.

1. { O! say can you see by the light of the morn, Our  
 Like the em - blem of hope and re - demp - tion its form, To  
 2. { O! say can you hear, from the moun - tain and vale, From  
 They are gath'ring in strength, the proud foe to as - sail And  
 3. { Ah! why should our na - tion - al ban - ner yet bear A  
 Let us wipe off the blot; let us bold - ly de - clare The

Tem - perance Ban - ner so gal - lant - ly wav - ing? } It tells of the  
 all whom the min - ions of rum are en - slav - ing. }  
 cit - y and gam - let, the tramp of our le - gions? } And con - quer we  
 chase the foul fiend to his own gloom - y re - gions. }  
 stain on her fair folds, our shame's rec - og - ni - tion? } Then once more on the  
 flag of our na - tion must mean pro - hi - bi - tion. }

day when King Al - co - hol's sway Shall pass like a vis - ion of  
 must, for our cause it is just; And this is our mot - to, "In  
 foe, no quar - ter to show, No truce till the de - mon of

CHORUS.

ter - ror a - way. And our tem - per - ance ban - ner in tri - umph shall  
 God is our trust." And our tem - per - ance ban - ner in tri - umph shall  
 Rum is laid low. And the star - spangled ban - ner all stain - less shall

## OUR TEMPERANCE BANNER. Concluded.

*Cres.* *ff*

wave O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

## 39. STAND UP, YE CHRISTIAN VOTERS.

Copyright, 1914, by L. L. Pickett.

H. W. SWEETEN.

GEO. J. WEBB.

1. Stand up, ye Christian soldiers, And bat-tle for the right, Stand up for pro - hi -
2. Stand up, ye brave and loy - al, Against the mighty foe, De - ter-mined that for-
3. Stand up, ye pa-triot vot-ers, Go cast your ballot "dry," If we would win the

bi-tion, The vic-t'ry is in sight; Ye need not be discouraged, The day is  
ev - er The whiskey shops must go; We'll fal-ter not, nor wa-ver, But bold-ly  
vic-t'ry This is our bat-tle cry; Cast votes for pro-hi - bi-tion, 'Tis thus we

com-ing fast, Sa-loons shall all be banished, Our land be free at last.  
take our stand, And wipe this cur-sed traf - fic From off our na-tive land.  
win the day, This is the one con - di-tion: Go drive them out to stay.

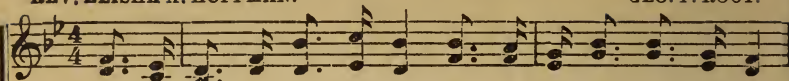
## VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

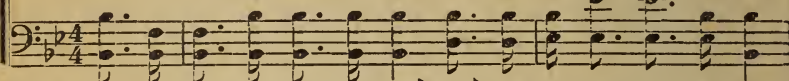
Tune—"Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

Words copyright, 1909, by E. A. Hoffman.

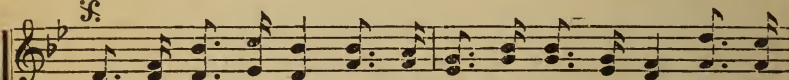
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

GEO. F. ROOT.

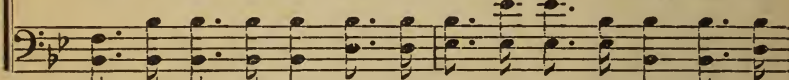
- 
1. O the days of old are past, we are wak-ing up at last,
  2. The sa-loon men stand a-ghast while our ranks are fill-ing fast,
  3. Float your ban-ners in the breeze o-ver lands and o-ver seas,



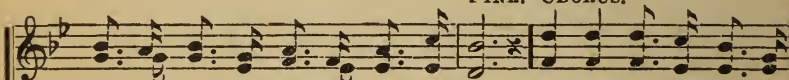
To the per-ils that as-sailed the homes so long! Things were  
And they see the dread hand-writ-ing on the wall Let us  
And let "Home and Na-tive Land" your mot-to be; Sing to



grow-ing worse and worse, thro' this bit-ter, bit-ter curse, Till we  
push the work a-long, fight with stead-y heart and strong, And the  
God a tri-umph song and the bat-tle push a-long, And the



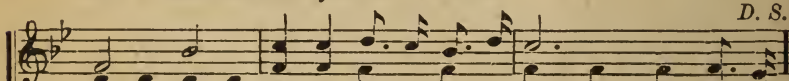
D. S.-stay the aw-ful curse grow-ing ev-er worse and worse, For we  
FINE. CHORUS.



vowed to stay this cru-el, cru-el wrong. Vote, vote, vote for pro-hi-  
e-vil traf-fic ver-y soon must fall.  
fight will is-sue soon in vic-to-ry. Vote, vote, vote for straight-out



nev-er will have use for the sa-loon.



bi-tion, Vote to ban-ish the sa-loon, Let us  
pro-hi-bi-tion, Vote to ban-ish, ban-ish the sa-loon;

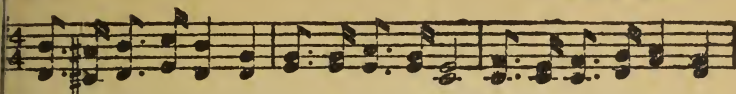


# SOLDIERS OF THE ARMY.

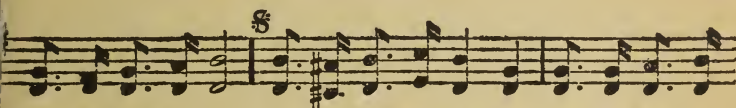
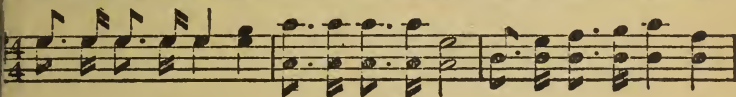
*Dedicated to the Nyack Gospel Mission, Nyack, N. Y.*

A. C.

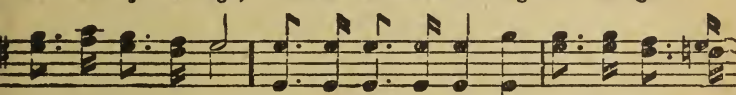
GUSTAV A. COLLIER



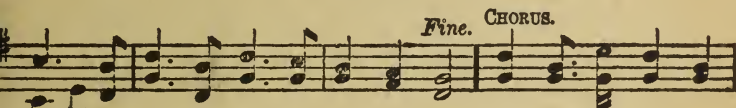
1. Sol-diers of the ar-my, Hear the Cap-tain call, "Rise ye for the con-flict,
2. Nev-er shrink from danger, Nev-er count the cost; Do your Captain's bid-ding,
3. Rough to-day the path-way, Cloud-y now the sky, But our help is com-ing,



Gath-er one and all." Let us an-swer "Read-y," Let us read-y  
Gath-er in the lost; On-ward, ev-er on-ward, I-dle nev-er  
Vic-to-ry is nigh; Soon from all earth's toil-ing We shall gath-er

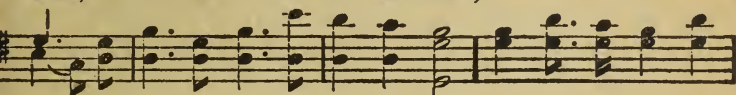


*D. S.—Send the gos-pel ti-dings O-ver land and*

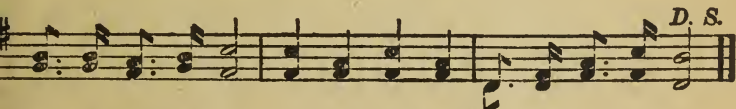


*Fine.* CHORUS.

be; Go on! Go on! To vic-to-ry. }  
be; Go on! Go on! To vic-to-ry. } "For-ward for Je-sus,"  
home; Go on! Go on! Till Je-sus come. }

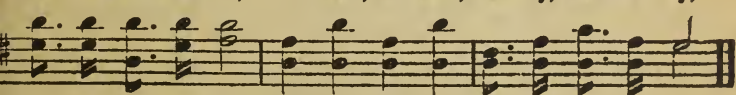


sea; Go on! Go on! To vic-to-ry.

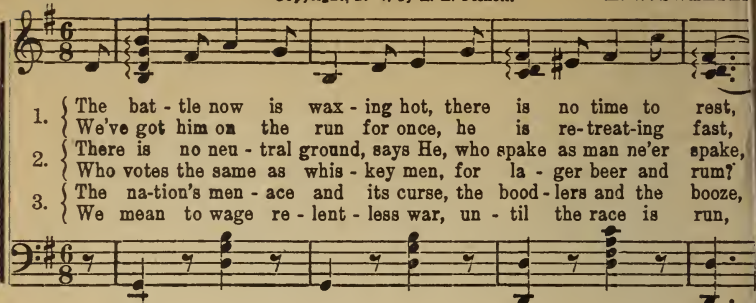


*D. S.*

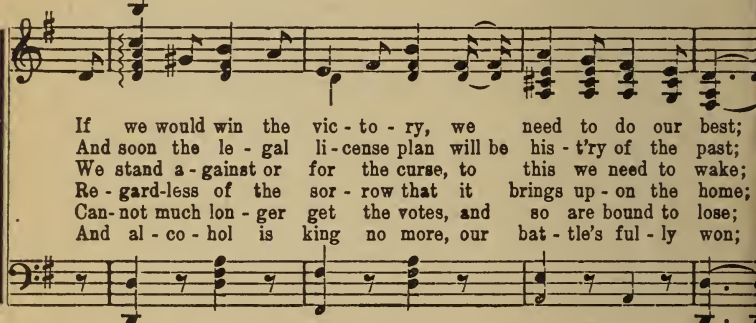
Let our watchword be; On-ward, on-ward, Brave-ly, man-ful-ly;



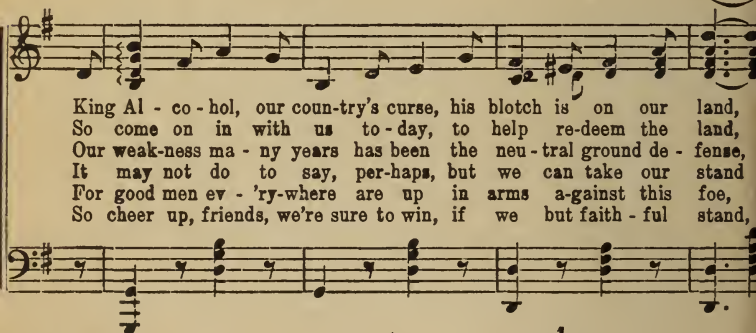
Copyright, 1903, by Gustav A. Collin.



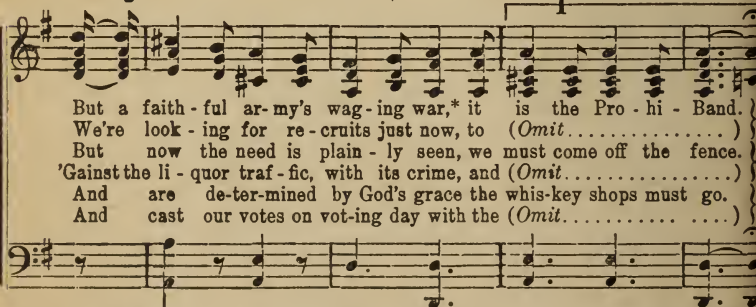
1. { The bat - tle now is wax - ing hot, there is no time to rest,  
 We've got him on the run for once, he is re-treat-ing fast,  
 2. { There is no neu - tral ground, says He, who spake as man ne'er spake,  
 Who votes the same as whis - key men, for la - ger beer and rum?  
 3. { The na-tion's men - ace and its curse, the bood - lers and the booze,  
 We mean to wage re - lent - less war, un - til the race is run,



If we would win the vic - to - ry, we need to do our best;  
 And soon the le - gal li - cense plan will be his - t'ry of the past;  
 We stand a - gainst or for the curse, to this we need to wake;  
 Re - gard-less of the sor - row that it brings up - on the home;  
 Can-not much lon - ger get the votes, and so are bound to lose;  
 And al - co - hol is king no more, our bat - tle's ful - ly won;



King Al - co - hol, our coun - try's curse, his blotch is on our land,  
 So come on in with us to - day, to help re-deem the land,  
 Our weak-ness ma - ny years has been the neu - tral ground de - fense,  
 It may not do to say, per-haps, but we can take our stand  
 For good men ev - 'ry-where are up in arms a - gainst this foe,  
 So cheer up, friends, we're sure to win, if we but faith - ful stand,

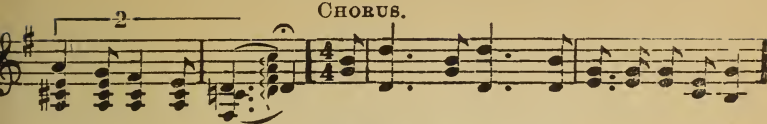


But a faith - ful ar - my's wag - ing war,\* it is the Pro - hi - Band.  
 We're look - ing for re - cruits just now, to (Omit. ....)  
 But now the need is plain - ly seen, we must come off the fence.  
 'Gainst the li - quor traf - fic, with its crime, and (Omit. ....)  
 And are de - ter - mined by God's grace the whis - key shops must go.  
 And cast our votes on vot - ing day with the (Omit. ....)

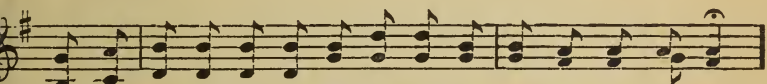
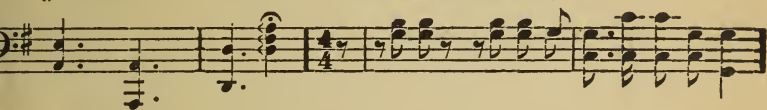
\*A good effect can be produced by stopping music abruptly, while the leader asks "who?" The song answers. Second and third verses, "what" instead of "who."

# THE PROHI-BAND. Concluded.

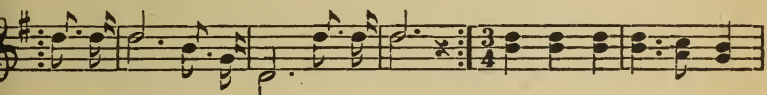
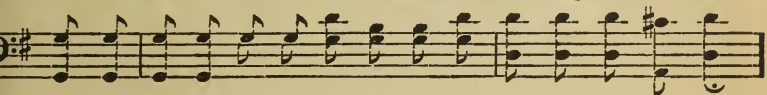
## CHORUS.



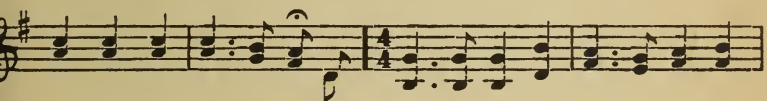
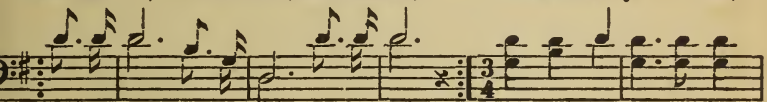
join the Pro - hi - band. Then shout, then shout, our country must be free,  
with the Pro - hi - band.  
good old Pro - hi - band. Then shout, then shout,



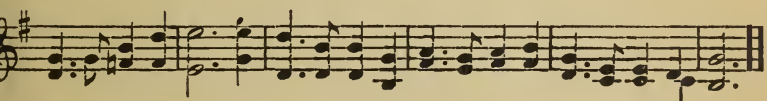
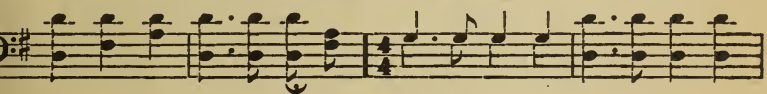
From the curse of rum to free our land, We're stand-ing hand in hand;



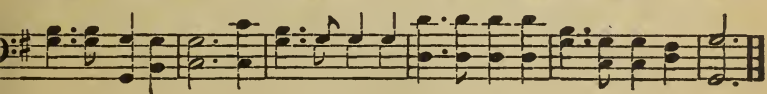
Hear the call, to the front, hear the call, Pro-claim the ju - bi - lee,



our na - tion shall be free, Shall home and hon - or be for - got and



rum destroy our land? If not, then loy-al soldiers brave, come join the Pro-hi-Band.





### THE CRIMES OF THE TRAFFIC.

---

The jurists of Christendom unite in the charge that the liquor traffic is responsible for from eighty to ninety per cent of crime. This is borne out by court records and by the penitentiary lists. At one time the W. Va., penitentiary held 159 convicts from Fayette Co., with its 72 saloons. At the same time thirty-two saloonless counties had only 106 convicts incarcerated there; thus there were 53 more convicts from one county with saloons than from 32 counties that had no crime-factories. What kind of civilization is it that licenses and protects an institution that turns its citizens into convicts? We remember the saying of Mr. Gladstone, the greatest statesman of the 19th century. He declared that the saloon was responsible for more misery than the three historic scourges, war, pestilence and famine. Liquor brutalizes, debauches, demonizes its victims. It turns men and women alike into criminals, hardened, cruel, bloody criminals. It wrecks the home and perverts all the natural affections and instincts. It is the cruelest foe that ever brained a man, cut a throat, wrecked a home, broke a heart, murdered a victim or damned a blood-bought soul.

The traffic must be destroyed or it will destroy our civilization. We submit a few figures that speak for themselves. In one year there were 16,897 arrests in Sussex county, Mass., 14,386 on account of drink. In two years 581 were put in the Minnesota penitentiary. Only 28 of these were non-drinkers.

Rev. Geo. Warren, Chaplain Missouri penitentiary, tells us that of 2,279 convicts 85 per cent were there directly through drink and five per cent indirectly. The last year of license in Alabama there were 32 brutal rapes, the first year under prohibition there were but two. In Anniston, Ala., the last year of saloons there were 3,864 arrests, of which 1,251 were drink-caused. The first year under prohibition there were only 1,283 arrests and of these but 165

on account of drink. Birmingham's arrests under saloons were 11,812, under prohibition only 7,333. Because of drink 2,438 against only 745 the first year under prohibition.

Gov. W. R. Stubbs, of Kansas, tells us that when prohibition went into effect in that state in 1880 there were 724 convicts in the Kansas pen. After two years of prohibition there were only 368. "Since that time the population has increased nearly one hundred per cent while the number of convicts has only increased 17 per cent. And here we may add that we have no capital punishment in Kansas and hence prisoners for murder become permanent occupants of the penitentiary."

More than half their jails he says are empty. "Last year forty-nine of the 105 counties did not send a prisoner to the penitentiary. We have only one convicted prisoner in our county jails for 7,000 inhabitants—an almost unbelievable fact in criminal statistics. And the Attorney-General estimates that 75 per cent of these prisoners are in jail for the violation of the prohibitory law."

---

### SOME GOOD NAMES FOR SALOONS.

---

"Poison Shops."

"Crime Factories."

"Murder Mills."

"Anarchy Breeders."

"Heart Breakers."

"Vice Schools."

"Satan's Pawn-Shops."

Some one asked an Englishman, "How do you spell saloon?" He replied, "With a 'hes,' a 'ha,' a 'hell,' two 'hos' and a 'hen.' He was about right, except he didn't put enough "hell" into it. It undoubtedly has more hell to the square inch than anything this side the pit.

L. L. P.

---

### DO YOU GIVE YOUR NEIGHBOR DRINK?

---

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Hab. 2:15.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." Prov. 14:34.

A "woe" is a curse. God's curse is on him who giveth his

neighbor drink. How may I come under this curse, that is, how may I be guilty of giving my fellowman drink? There are three ways: First, by making or selling intoxicants. He who engages in the liquor business or traffic gives his neighbor drink and is thus under heaven's curse. We must get the liquor man out of business or see him go down under the wrath of a sin-avenging God. Second, this curse falls on the man who passes the cup to his fellowman by the "treating" process. It is a foolish and wicked habit. No man ever began drinking intoxicants with the expectation of making a drunkard. Every drunkard is simply a broken-down dram drinker—a graduate from the school of drunkenness. The average man who uses intoxicants will tell you, "I can drink or let it alone." But have you ever noticed, reader, how he demonstrates only one part of this proposition? He has been showing himself and others for years that he can drink. Is it not time for him to demonstrate that he can "let it alone" for the next ten years? Dram drinking is the school of drunkenness. No drinking man is safe, as any such runs the risk of filling a drunkard's grave. Why take such fearful risks? Furthermore, he who escapes becoming a drunkard thereby sets an example that may lead another and weaker man into a habit that will be his ruin. The so-called moderate drinker who never gets drunk has a worse influence over the rising generation than an old sot. A boy would not try to walk in the footsteps of a bum, but he may die drunk if he attempts to follow the example of the occasional dram-drinker.

Third, lastly, God's curse is on me if by my ballot I give my neighbor drink. He who votes for the saloons of a town, a county, a state or a nation, thereby becomes sponsor for those saloons. In a certain sense they become his saloons. His ballot-support is a sanction, an approval, an endorsement, and in thus encouraging the traffic he makes himself a party to it, a part of it. Its crimes and sins are his; its murder, blood, outlawry and all-round deviltry lie at his door. "Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink." Reader, do you wish to run up against the bucklers of the Almighty? Do you want to face the wrecks and victims of the murder mills at that tribunal from which there is no appeal? If so, vote against prohibition. If, however, you would wash your hands of the crimes and blood of this heartless and hell-spawned traffic, vote for prohibition.



## SALOONS AND MURDER.

"Thou shalt not kill." Ex. 20:13. There is a proverb which says "He who does a thing by the agency of another, does it himself." Many men farm who never hold the plow handles. Many are builders whose hands wield no saw, hammer or hatchet. In like manner, men may face the charge of murder in the great coming day who never shot down a victim, stabbed a heart, cut a throat or beat out another's brains. Do you ask "How?" Simply by lining up with liquor at the ballot-box.

Let us study one phase of the liquor traffic together for a few moments and we may find an answer to your question. I am fully persuaded that on the average each saloon is responsible for a death, directly or indirectly, every twelve months. Let us examine the proposition briefly. If a man dies in delirium tremens, cursing God and man, fighting imaginary serpents, spiders, demons and hobgoblins it is certain that his death is chargeable to liquor. I poked on prohibition one night in Owensboro, Ky. A drunken man lying on the railroad track was ground to pieces by the train that very night. His death was due to the murder mills.

I went shortly after that to Louisville, where I delivered seven addresses against the traffic. While there a drink-crazed man fell from the seventh story of a leading hotel and was smashed up. Charge it to the saloons. A short time afterward two men met in a saloon. They were tanked up on liquor. Bad blood was aroused between them. They drew their revolvers, both fired. Result, one dead on the spot, the other died in the ambulance, while being carried to the hospital. Whom do you blame? No one but the liquor makers, venders and voters. In another Kentucky town I asked a preacher if there had been any murders there through liquor. "I should say so," was his reply. He then told me of a woman shot to death in a saloon, of a young man who had murdered his chum and immediately blew out his own brains—both from "the best families"—of a father who, while drunk, had shot his son to death. Mark you, reader, all these deaths in a small town within about four months.

A Kentucky village of about 1200 population has a building that was formerly a saloon known as "Dead Man's Corner," where there have been thirty-two killings. A preacher in that village told me he had buried nine victims of the still in eight months. There

are two Kentucky villages within fifty miles of each other. One has had no saloons for seventy years, during which time there has been but one murder. The other village has had an abundance of liquor till very recently and has averaged a murder annually for the seventy years. I presented this line of argument a few months since in Staunton, Va. That evening a city pastor told me that Staunton and its county, Augusta, had no saloons, but that he and a friend had made out a list of ten murders that had happened the preceding twelve months in Augusta county through the agency of the ten saloons in an adjoining county. This shows nothing as to the crimes resulting from those ten saloons in the county that licensed them, nor of their results in counties adjoining the wet county on the other sides, only those killed in Augusta county. It shows among other things, the inadequacy of local option, as we cannot protect our own homes by it, when our neighbors are thoughtless or wicked enough to license the crime-factories in their territory. But I do not speak of the murder of drunkards only. Some say, "Let liquor alone, and it will let you alone." No blacker lie was ever told. Its victims who never drank it are numbered by millions. Follow the career of a drunken son. Watch his downward course to beggary, to jail, to penitentiary, gallows, yea, to hell. Then go back down the line and behold his father, with bent shoulders and frosty hair. See his mother with sad countenance, broken heart, crushed spirit. Look at his brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews. Go to the hovel he called home and there look upon his wife; she is sallow-faced, hollow-eyed, dejected; the light has faded from her eyes and hope has died in her bosom. Look at the poor, ragged, dirty, sad-featured children, hungry, cheerless, dejected. None of these drink the hell-brew, but every one has felt its more than adder's sting.

Not only the direct murders must be charged to rum's account, but as many or more indirect deaths. A preacher friend pointed out to me a child, a bright boy of some ten years, in his home. Said he, "That is my brother's child. He was no drinking man, but was shot down in his own home by a drink-crazed fiend and now I am furnishing a home to his orphan boy." The boy did not drink, nor did his mother, but one is an orphan, the other a widow. Even the father did not drink, but he's in his grave, rum's victim. Think of a train wrecked by a drunken engineer a

twenty or forty killed or maimed for life—none of them drinking, but all killed or crippled because some men are wicked enough to sell intoxicants and others are foolish and sinful enough to vote it a license. Add to what has gone before the fact that many thousands of moderate drinkers die from diseases to which liquor has made them much more susceptible. Then again, a drunkard will bring his family down to beggary, homeless, penniless they suffer, freeze, sicken, die from want and neglect, till at last the drunkard himself, his wife and children all die of pneumonia or consumption and liquor was the real cause of it all. It is a conservative estimate to charge the two hundred and fifty thousand liquor shops of the United States with an average of one death each year. Here then are a quarter of a million murders each twelve months, almost five thousand each week, more than seven hundred per day.

Can you afford to line up with brewers, distillers and saloon-keepers at the ballot-box? Can you continue voting with political parties that license the iniquitous and bloody business? Let us stand together at the polls till we WIPE OUT THE MURDER MILLS.

---

### A TERRIBLE INDICTMENT.

---

The following eloquent arraignment of the rum demon has been erroneously attributed to Robt. G. Ingersoll. It may be found, however, in an old volume, entitled "Gunn's Family Physician." If Ingersoll claimed it, it was a case of pure plagiarism.

"Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachments, blights parental hope and brings down mourning age to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence and embraces consumption. It covers the land with disease, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels and cherishes



riots. It crowds your penitentiaries and furnishes victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife and the child to grind the paricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God and despises heaven. It suborns witness, nurses perjury, defies the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation, and, unsatisfied with its havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation and wipes out national honor, and then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

"It does that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of villainies the father of all crimes, the mother of all abominations, the devil's best friend and God's worst enemy."

Below we give some words that do not, I believe, belong to the above, although sometimes printed with it. Possibly these words were original with the noted infidel. Not knowing definitely we leave them to his credit.

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture or sale of alcohol. I believe that from the time that it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime it demoralizes everybody who touches it, from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the subject without becoming prejudiced against the liquor crime.

"All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and weary breasts of weeping and despairing mothers, asking for bread; of the talented men of genius it has wrecked, of the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of

the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol."

---

### THE BAR.

---

A bar to heaven, a door to hell,  
Whoever named it, named it well;  
A bar to manliness and wealth,  
A door to want and broken health;  
A bar to honor, pride and fame,  
A door to sin and grief and shame;  
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,  
A door to darkness and despair;  
A bar to honored, useful life,  
A door to brawling, senseless strife;  
A bar to all that's true and brave,  
A door to every drunkard's grave;  
A bar to joy that home imparts,  
A door to tears and aching hearts;  
A bar to heaven, a door to hell,  
Whoever named it, named it well.

---

### WHY I HATE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

---

Governor J. Frank Hanly, of Indiana said: "Personally, I have seen so much of the evils of the liquor traffic in the last four years, so much of its economic waste, so much of its physical ruin, so much of its mental blight, so much of its tears and heartache, that I have come to regard the business as one that must be held and controlled by strong and effective laws.

"I bear no malice to those engaged in the business, but I hate the traffic.

"I hate its every phase.

"I hate it for its intolerance.

"I hate it for its arrogance.

"I hate it for its hypocrisy.

"I hate it for its cant and craft and false pretense.

"I hate it for its commercialism.

"I hate it for its greed and avarice.

"I hate it for its sordid love of gain at any price.

"I hate it for its domination in politics.

"I hate it for its corrupting influence in civic affairs.

"I hate it for its incessant effort to debauch the suffrage of the country; for the cowards it makes of public men.

"I hate it for its utter disregard for law.

"I hate it for its ruthless trampling of the solemn compacts of state constitutions.

"I hate it for the load it straps to labor's back, for the palsied hands it gives to toil, for its wounds to genius, for the tragedies of its might-have-beens.

"I hate it for the human wrecks it has caused.

"I hate it for the almshouses it peoples, for the prisons it fills, for the insanity it begets, for its countless graves in potters' fields.

"I hate it for the crimes it has committed.

"I hate it for the homes it has destroyed.

"I hate it for the hearts it has broken.

"I hate it for the malice it has planted in the hearts of men—for its poison, for its bitterness—for the dead sea fruit with which it starves their souls.

"I hate it for the grief it causes womanhood—the scalding tears, the hopes deferred, the strangled aspirations, its burden of want and care.

"I hate it for its heartless cruelty to the aged, the infirm and the helpless, for the shadow it throws upon the lives of children, for its monstrous injustice to blameless little ones.

"I hate it as virtue hates vice, as truth hates error, as righteousness hates sin, as justice hates wrong, as liberty hates tyranny, as freedom hates oppression.

---

### THE FENCE OR THE AMBULANCE.

---

(BY JOSEPH MALINS IN THE SOUTHERN CROSS.)

---

It was a dangerous cliff as they freely confessed,  
Though to walk near its crest was so pleasant;  
But over its terrible edge there had slipped  
A duke, and full many a peasant;



So the people said something would have to be done.  
But their projects did not at all tally—  
Some said, "Put a fence round the edge of the cliff,"  
Some, "An ambulance down in the valley."  
But the cry for the ambulance carried the day,  
For it spread through the neighboring city;  
A fence may be useful or not, it is true,  
But each heart became brimful of pity  
For those who had slipped over that dangerous cliff,  
And the dwellers in highway and alley  
Gave pounds or gave pence, not to put up a fence,  
But an ambulance down in the valley.  
"For the cliff is all right if you're careful," they said,  
"And if folks even slip or are dropping,  
It isn't the slipping that hurts them so much  
As the shock down below—when they're stopping;"  
So day after day these mishaps occurred,  
Quick forth would the rescuers sally  
To pick up the victim who fell off the cliff  
With their ambulance down in the valley.  
Then an old man remarked, "It's a marvel to me  
That people give far more attention  
To repairing the results than to stopping the cause,  
When they'd much better aim at prevention."  
"Let us stop at its source all this mischief," cried he,  
"Come neighbors and friends, let us rally;  
If the cliff we will fence we might almost dispense  
With the ambulance down in the valley."  
"Oh, he's a fanatic," the others rejoined;  
"Dispense with the ambulance? Never.  
"He'd dispense with all charities, too, if he could;  
No, no. We'll support them forever.  
And shall this man dictate to us? Shall he?  
Why should people of sense stop to put up a fence  
While their ambulance works in the valley?"  
But a sensible few, who are practical, too,  
Will not bear with such nonsense any longer;  
They believe that prevention is better than cure,  
And their party will soon be the stronger.

Encourage them, then, with your purse, voice and pen,  
 And (while other philanthropists dally)  
 They will scorn all pretence and put a stout fence  
 On the cliff that hangs over the valley.  
 And we'll make of our glorious State,  
 A home fit for you and for me;  
 And we'll shout while we've breath left to shout,  
 "Hallelujah, we're free, we are free!"

---

### THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

---

If you "grown-ups" of the nation  
 Want to save the situation  
 For the rising generation—  
 Vote For Us!

That is, drive away the whiskey,  
 For where children are, and frisky,  
 To leave "poison" round is risky—  
 Vote For Us!

Since we follow where you lead us,  
 On this burning question heed us,  
 And in paths of temperance speed us—  
 Vote For Us!

For the name you bear, and gave us,  
 From the liquor traffic save us,  
 Lest in future it enslave us—  
 Vote For Us!

By the love ye always bore us,  
 Listen to our mighty chorus:  
 "Let the Temperance Flag wave o'er us"—  
 Vote For Us!

Though with silver-tongued oration  
Others plead for "liquoration,"  
Don't neglect your obligation—  
Vote For Us!

As we are just what you make us,  
Lest an evil fate o'ertake us,  
At the poll do not forsake us—  
Vote For Us!

Vote "No License" and we'll get it,  
And we know you'll ne'er regret it,  
And we trust you, don't forget it—  
Vote For Us!

—Alex Ker.

---

#### WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

(For these extracts I am chiefly indebted to Prof. Samuel Dickie. From his debate with Mayor Rose.)

There has been a great awakening among medical men as to the hurtful effects of alcohol. Scientific investigations have convinced them that it is a deadly poison with very few real uses in materia medica. But they shall speak for themselves.

Sir Andrew Clark, English physician, said: "Good health, will, in my opinion, always be injured by even small doses of alcohol."

Sir Henry Thompson, M. D., F. R. S., says: "I have no hesitation in attributing a very large proportion of some of the most painful maladies which come under my notice to the ordinary and daily use of fermented drink taken in quantities which are considered moderate."

Dr. W. B. Carpenter says: "Life is shortened and disease induced and the body very materially injured by indulgence in alcoholic liquors."

Dr. N. S. Davis says: "Alcoholic drinks are poisons in the same sense as are opium, arsenic, chloroform, etc., and should be sold under the same laws as these poisons." And in this presence there could be no higher authority than Dr. Davis, who honored your city for so many years.

Dr. Norman Kerr says: "Alcohol vitiates the blood, inflames



the stomach, overtaxes the heart, destroys the kidneys, hardens the liver and softens the brain."

"All alcohol and all things of an alcoholic nature injure the nerve tissues."—Sir Wm. Gull, Physician to Queen Victoria.

The Scientific American says: "Beer drinking in this country produces the very lowest kind of inebriety closely allied to criminal insanity. The most dangerous ruffians in our large cities are beer drinkers. Recourse to beer as a substitute for other forms of alcohol merely increases the danger and fatality."

Dr. S. S. Lungren, of Toledo, says: "It is difficult to find any part of the confirmed beer drinker's machinery that is doing its work as it should. This is why their life cords snap off like glass rods when disease or accident gives them a little blow. Beer drinking shortens life. This is not a mere opinion; it is a well settled recognized fact." (Loud shouts of "No!" and "oh, pshaw!" from audience.) I am not giving you my own sentiments, and the distinguished physician (?) at my right who says "no" will hardly travel in the class of these men I am quoting. (Great laughter.)

A few years ago, when the cholera epidemic struck New Orleans, Dr. Cartwright, in his report, said that 5,000 cases of cholera were reported among the drinking class before the disease "struck a single sober man."

Dr. Alfred Gordon, of Philadelphia, expresses an opinion that alcohol used in excess is destructive of the brain as well as the physical and moral health of its victims, and does more to people insane asylums, prisons and poor houses, and to make unhappy homes, than all other causes combined.

Dr. Lorenz, world-renowned surgeon, says: "My success depends on my brain being clear, my muscles firm and my nerves steady. No one can take alcoholic liquor without blunting these powers which I must keep on edge. As a surgeon I must not drink."

Sir Victor Horsley is authority for the statement that, "No teetotaler has been admitted into the gigantic workhouse at Wandsworth, London—all applicants for relief tell a story of alcoholism." What a record this!

"I am speaking solemnly and carefully in the presence of truth, and I tell you that I am considerably within the mark when

I say to you that, going the rounds of my hospital wards to-day, seven out of every ten owe their ill-health to alcohol."—Sir Andrew Clark, noted London physician.

---

### TESTIMONY OF NOTED MEN.

"The liquor traffic in this country (England) is a greater handicap to our trade, our commerce and our industry, than all the tariffs in the world put together."—Hon. David Lloyd George, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

Sir Ernest Shackleton, who almost succeeded in reaching the South Pole, says: "Alcohol in any form in the Arctic or Antarctic regions is most injurious, and is never used. The less alcohol is used in any part of the world the better it is for the community."

"He who drinks is deliberately disqualifying himself for advancement."—President Taft.

"Nine-tenths of our poverty, squalor, vice and crime spring from this poisonous taproot, liquor."—Gen'l. Wm. Booth.

The people, whether inside or outside the borders of civilization, who abstain from alcohol are the most competent and effective workers."—Sven Hadlin, Asiatic Explorer.

"Whoever first brewed beer prepared a curse for Germany."—Martin Luther.

"The liquor traffic is a public, permanent and ubiquitous agency of degradation."

"It (alcohol) is far and away the most serious danger with which the seaman of this day has to contend."—Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell.

"To make saw-logs into lumber is a business, but to make boys into drunkards is a crime."—Rev. Henry Ostrom.

"The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will prove abortive. There must be no attempt to regulate the cancer; it must be eradicated; not a root must be left behind, for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink."—Abraham Lincoln.

"As to the right of the state to prohibit, there can be no ques-

tion, since the right to suppress crime involves the right to suppress its chief cause. Suppression of the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages is the only adequate remedy."—Bishop Spaulding.

"The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink."—Cardinal Manning.

"I can assure you that in my twenty-two years of government of the great number of crimes laid before me for decision, nine-tenths were to be ascribed to the consequences of alcohol."—Emperor William of Germany.

"Alcohol antagonizes every manifestation of life, stamps every tissue with the seal of disease, depraves the morals and destroys the soul. Instead of the 'Elixir of Life,' the Fountain of Immortal youth; it is the essence of depravity, the grave of hope, the advance of death."—Dr. T. Alexander MacNicholl, New York City.

"Liquor has contributed more to the moral, intellectual and material deterioration of the people and has brought more misery to defenseless women and children than has any other agency in the history of mankind."—John Mitchell, Labor Leader.

"The saloon does not produce a thing that is of benefit to the human race. It is a nonproducer and must be supported by those who work."—Jno. B. Lennon, Treas. Amer. Fed. of Labor.

"The liquor traffic tends to produce criminality in the population at large and law-breaking among the saloon-keepers themselves."—Theodore Roosevelt.

"I am a total abstainer from alcoholic liquors. I always felt that I had a better use for my head."—Thomas A. Edison.

"The most successful men are those who never lift a wine-glass to their lips."—Edward Bok, Ed. Ladies Home Journal.

"Drink is responsible for nineteen-twentieths of crime."—Chief Justice Fitzgerald of Ireland.

---

The Liquor Dealers' Association of San Francisco has given out a statement that there are three thousand blind tigers in that city. It is to be remembered that San Francisco is a wide-open town and that speakeasies flourish there as readily as in "dry" communities. Chicago, with seven thousand licensed saloons, has two thousand speakeasies.—New Hampshire Issue.



To our personal knowledge there are ten thousand blind pigs in Minneapolis.—Retail Liquor Dealers' Association, Minneapolis.

Speaking of Mayor Gaynor's failure to enforce the law, F. C. Iglehart of New York says, "We understand that there are five thousand places selling liquor without license, and we are also reminded that it is impossible to catch them. Of course you can not catch criminals with a brass band."

---

### SOME FIFTEEN YEARS AGO.

J. S. Holden.

I wandered to the grogshop, Tom; I stood beside the bar,  
And drank a bowl of lemonade and smoked a bad cigar;  
The same old kegs and jugs were there, the ones we used to know  
When we were on the round up, Tom, some fifteen years ago.

The barkeep is a new one, Tom. The one who used to sell  
Corrosive tanglefoot to us is roasting now in—well,  
The other has a plate glass front; his hair is combed quite low,  
He looks just like the one we knew some fifteen years ago.

Old Soak came up and called for booze—he had the same old  
grin—  
While others burned the lining from their throats with Hol-  
land gin.

And women stood beside the door, their faces seamed with woe,  
And wept just as they used to weep some fifteen years ago.

I asked about our old-time friends, those cherished sporty men;  
And some were in the poorhouse, Tom, and some were in the  
pen;  
And one, the one we liked the best, the hangman laid him low.  
The world is very much the same, dear Tom, as fifteen years  
ago.

I asked about that stately chap, that pride marked as its own.  
He used to say that he could drink or let the stuff alone.  
He perished of the James H. Jams, out in the cold and snow—  
Ah, few survive who used to booze some fifteen years ago.

New crowds line up against the bar and call for crimson ink;  
 New hands are trembling as they pour the stuff they shouldn't  
 drink;

But still the same old watchword rings, "This round to me, you  
 know!"

The same old cry of doom was heard some fifteen years ago.

I wandered to the churchyard, Tom, and there I saw the graves  
 Of those who used to drown themselves in red fermented  
 waves;

And there were women sleeping there where grass and daisies  
 grow,

Who wept and died of broken hearts some fifteen years ago.

And there were graves where children slept, have slept for many  
 a year,

Forgetful of the woes that marked their fitful sojourn here,  
 And 'neath a tall white monument, in death there lieth low  
 The man who used to sell the booze some fifteen years ago.

### CAMPAIGN PROVERBS.

This was issued first as a tract. Some 25,000 or 30,000, perhaps 40,000 were circulated. We believe it will do good in this more permanent form.

L. L. P.

I have gathered the shot in this case from many a source. I have not attempted to give authorities or authors, because in some cases I could not, and because to give sources, authors, etc., after each short paragraph would consume considerable space in a tract so small. I send it out with the earnest wish and prayer that it may help to kill the "Whisky Devil."

### THE BATTLE CALL,

"NO PEACE TO THE SALOON BUT IN DEATH."

Our fight is one of principle. For our success we rely upon God and the virtue and conscience of the people. We have as incentives to stir us, the cry of the widow, the hunger of the orphan, the misery of the drunkard, the sad face of the wife, the blasted

hopes of the mother, the furrowed cheeks of the father, the impending ruin of young manhood, the blood of the whiskey-slain damned, and the eternal justice of God! Therefore let every friend of humankind begin at once to bestir himself and buckle on the harness for the fray.

Put the brand of an outlaw upon the liquor beast.

#### LICENSED SALOON.

Wishing to get a living without working hard, I have leased commodious rooms in Mr. Lovemoney's Block, corner of Ruin Street and Perdition Lane (next door to the undertaker's), where I shall manufacture drunkards, paupers and lunatics, beggars, criminals and "dead-beats" for sober and industrious people to support. Backed up by the law, I shall add to the number of fatal accidents, painful diseases, disgraceful quarrels, riots and cold-blooded murders. My liquors are warranted to rob some of life, many of reason, more of property, and all of true peace; to make fathers fiends, wives widows, and children orphans. I shall cause mothers to forget their infants, children to grow up in ignorance, young women to lose their priceless purity, and smart young men to become loafers, swearers, gamblers, skeptics, and "lewd fellows of the baser sort." Having paid for my license, I have a right to bring all the above evils on my friends and neighbors for the sake of gain.

#### LICENSED LIQUORSELLER.

The debauchery of the voter, the corruption of the ballot-box is an effect; and the cause is the American dramshop. The tendency of the liquor interest in this country is to degrade men; to debauch men; to stuff ballot-boxes; elect mean men to office, and, in every sense of the word, to tear down and ruin American institutions; consequently it is a question in this country whether the American system of government shall live, or whether this curse shall destroy it. The government has the right to destroy any business, any custom, or any trade that tends to destroy the government by debauching the character of the citizens that make the government.

The principle of licensing the trade in intoxicating drinks as a beverage, *and thus giving legal sanction to that which is regarded in itself as an evil, is no longer admissible in morals or in legislation.*

Official statistics show that in Providence, R. I., the number of



arrests for six months under prohibition was forty-one per cent. less than it was for the corresponding six months of the preceding year under license; while in Chicago crime increased in three years, under high license, thirty-four per cent.

A great many professing Christians will be astonished when they get to heaven to find how God Almighty can run the Celestial City without a few saloons to keep up the taxes.

No man who votes to set up a saloon can, without absurdity, pray God to "lead us not into temptation."

The biggest fraud in God's world today is the cry for "High License."

We recognize in strong drink the prolific source of a large proportion of the crime, poverty and wretchedness that curse our country; hence we cannot regard the manufacture, importation and sale thereof, otherwise than a crime against society. We also recognize in the system of licensing the sale of strong drink a government partnership that constitutes a state and national crime.

There is one question the anti-prohibitionists never raise.—"Is it right?" They all know it is not right. Their cause is backed by corruption and undergirded with crime. In all this canvass, from now until the vote is counted, not one prayer will be offered to God for the continuation of the liquor curse. Church members may vote for whisky, but they haven't got the cheek to ask God to bless their ballot. The whisky business is wrong. Those engaged in it know that saloon-keepers do not claim that it is right. Let every Prohibitionist in every argument press this question: "Is it right?" Make the distinction sharp and clear. And then ask: "Will a righteous man continue in the advocacy of an unrighteous cause?"

I am a Prohibitionist. I am such because I see the homes and hearths of our country menaced by the most tyrannical foe that ever threatened the liberty and perpetuity of a nation. As a minister of the gospel of peace, I am constrained to stand aloof from mere partisan politics; but when an impudent, moral wrong, not content with slaying thousands of souls yearly, demands, and has largely obtained the sanction of law to its iniquities, the testimony of Christian ministers is certainly called for by both speech and ballot. I hold it to be the most awful thing conceivable for the government to countenance the drink traffic by licensing it, and

taking a revenue from it, thus becoming a partner in the business of "dealing wet damnation around the land." And if the state thus assumes the role of Tetzels peddling out indulgences to the public poisoners, it is time for Luther to leave his cloister and nail his Prohibition theses on the door.

The cost of the liquor traffic to the people of the United States in money is over \$2,000,000,000. This is the smallest item of cost there is. It costs our loved American wives and mothers an ocean of tears. It costs our social circles its brightest minds, and our politics its most honored statesmen. It costs heaven thousands of souls. It costs our courts three-fourths of all their expenses. It costs our national, state and local governments thousands of dollars that are squandered through bribes. Its cost! It would take a painter with pencil and brush a thousand years to paint the shadow of its cost. No figures, though piled to the skies, could tell of the cost of this deadly traffic. Its cost! To think of it makes the eyes grow dim and causes the brain to reel. The cost in money is equal every twenty years to all the real values in the United States. In other words, the people are drinking themselves up, soul, body and realty, every twenty years!

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine."

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red when it giveth its color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last, it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Temperance copperheads are those that talk temperance and vote whisky.

The exploded sophistry, that to banish drunkenness from a community will hurt business, excites only derision in a sensible business man's mind. To a mother, whose son is going to ruin by way of the whisky-saloon, such a plea for the evil is simply atrocious.

There is a whole temperance sermon in the reply of a butcher who was asked for a dollar toward paying a temperance lecturer: "There's your dollar," said he; "I've sold more meat in one day

since this town went 'no license,' than I used to in a week when we had saloons."

The saloon-keepers are raising large sums for use in the political campaigns. What will the friends of home and sobriety do for their side?

Al people who tear down the Sabbath and set up the saloon burn their candle at both ends, and will soon find themselves in darkness that can be felt.

The dram-shop is not a child of American customs, liberty, ideas, schools or theories. It was inherited from the despotic governments of Europe.

The idea that American freedom means universal license is the dangerous idea in this country.

If personal liberty requires free whisky, it certainly requires free brothels, gambling houses, free circulation of obscene literature through the mails, free pistols and free bowie-knives.

"People always have drank; they always will drink. You cannot prohibit the sale; you had better license and regulate it, and thus get some money out of it." "The church cannot exterminate the devil, so it had better go in partnership with him, and divide up the souls of men," is the sum of this argument.

As well try to regulate a rattlesnake by holding it by the tail as to permit and then attempt to regulate saloons. The way to regulate a rattlesnake is to kill it, smash its head; its tail may live until sundown, but it cannot bite. The way to regulate the liquor business is to kill three—its head, the brewery, the distillery and the licensed grog-shop,—the school of vice, crime and political corruption. Its tail may live in cellars and dark places during the twilight of ignorance and superstition, but when its head is destroyed it is powerless to resist—to bulldoze officers or breed assassins.

"Prohibition does not prohibit." It ought never to be forgotten that saloon-men break all laws. The issue narrows itself down to this: The law will overthrow the liquor interests or be overthrown by the traffic.

If prohibition will not prohibit, what is the cause of its failure? The liquor outlaws refuse to obey the will of the people. They are self-confessed traitors to good government.

In the fight against the whisky traffic its advocates must yield;



its opponents cannot. Patriotism, humanity and religion forbid. Come over at once to the right side, which is the strong side.

In fighting for the suppression of the saloon you fight for the salvation of the saloon-keepers and their children. Many of these men now resisting this beneficent movement will live to thank God for its success.

As Hon. John Finch, of Nebraska, who was the author of the famous one thousand dollar High License law of that State, declares, "It aggravates all the worst evils of the liquor traffic. It was the greatest mistake of my life."

Q. What is the difference between a Prohibitionist and a High Licensist? A. High Licensists believe in putting whisky into a boy through a \$1,000 funnel, and then putting the boy into the gutter. Prohibitionists believe in putting the whisky into the gutter and saving the boy.

No license! no license! Oh, brother take heed;  
No license to longer the broken hearts bleed;  
No license! no license! Raise high the acclaim,  
No license to pander to falsehood and shame.  
'Tis the first dawning ray in the fulness of time,  
No license for murder, no license for crime,  
No license to purchase, to make or to sell;  
No license to pave the dark pathway to hell!  
Oh! toilers of earth! in this land of the free,  
It is yours to redeem, if redeemed we shall be;  
Our banner is waving—come now join the ranks,  
And to God will your wives and your children give thanks.  
No longer your heart-broken loved ones shall weep;  
We are strong to redeem you, and stronger to keep.  
Swell the tide of advancement—with us come and dwell,  
And license no more the dark pathway to hell.

When saloons are licensed, be the fee high or low, tempting the weak becomes a legalized business, and when any state makes the temptation of its citizens profitable, it will inevitably secure dividends of crime.

Every man who does not do all in his power for the suppression of the liquor crime is a partaker in its guilt.

To continue the saloon will be to bequeath the next generation

more than a million drunkards. Father, what if your boy is among the number?—somebody's boy will be.

Within ten years there were in this country, 21,384 deaths from yellow fever, 650,000 deaths from alcohol; still yellow fever was quarantined, alcohol licensed!

Judge Fitzgerald said that over 90 per cent. of the business of the police courts of Cincinnati is caused directly or indirectly by the drink traffic.

Three-fourths of the idiots born are children of intemperate parents.—Dr. Howe.

When a laboring-man undertakes to support both a family and a saloon, the saloon will grow rich and the family will grow poor.

There is only a short step from the wine-cup or the whisky-jug to the knife, the bludgeon, or the deadly revolver. From the drink traffic to the crime, poverty and insanity of society there is an interval very small.

Out of ten thousand persons who applied for aid in London, only twenty were total abstainers.

"Pots of beer cost many a tear. Golden cups may carry deadly draughts. Take no roll from the brewer's basket. Cultivate your roses, but not on your noses. Always drinking, always dry. Many a child is hungry because the brewer is rich. When wine is in, wit is out. The more you think, the less you'll drink. Often drunk and seldom sober, falls like leaves in drear October.

Alcohol applied to a thrifty farmer's stomach will remove the boards from his fences, let the cattle into his crops, kill his fruit-trees, sow his fields with thistles, mortgage his farm, subdue his reason, rouse his passions, bring want, sorrow and disgrace on his family, and topple him into a drunkard's grave.

A pathetic testimony to the good effect of Prohibition is mentioned in a coast paper. In the inland dry towns there has been a marked increase in the number of little shoes sold, which means that formerly the fathers drank up the shoe money and the little ones went barefooted.

A little boy said: "Papa used to come home drunk, and mama would sit and cry because we were so hungry; but it ain't that way now; papa doesn't spend his money for whisky any more. but brings us good things to eat, and so we have a good time."

A saloon can no more be run without using up boys than a

flouring mill without wheat, or a saw-mill without logs. The only question is, whose boys? Your boys or mine? our boys or our neighbors'?

"You can't make men moral by legislation." We cannot make men moral by legislation, but we can diminish the temptations which overthrow the weak, and destroy the saloons which threaten to overthrow the government.

Take its record in this country, weigh it honestly and well, and if you believe, after an investigation of this kind, that the liquor traffic has done more good than it has done injury; that it is a blessing to the country; that it tends to perpetuate the government, then it is your duty, beyond all question, to stand by and support the traffic. But if the dram-shop of this country is an enemy to the state, an enemy of our institutions, I cannot see how any honest man dare stand and defend it—defend an institution that is an enemy to the highest interests of his country.

The saloon is an acknowledged evil; then is it right to license and thereby legalize it, to grant liberal support and legal sanction to a known evil?

We are told Prohibition will destroy business. Yes, it will destroy the business of those whose prosperity is built on the wreck and utter ruin of their fellow-men. But it will not destroy any business that brings true and solid improvement to the homes of the country.

The Hon. ———, in his anti-prohibition speech, warns Christian men not to vote as they pray. That is what the devil has been telling them all the time: "Pray one way and act another." The devil and the whisky interest dread nothing so much as consistency of action in Christians.

Teach an intelligent people that the evils of the liquor traffic far outweigh the benefits, and there need be no fear that society will be so apprehensive about "personal liberty," that it will decline to abolish the traffic.

Webster defines sumptuary laws to be "such as restrain or limit the expenses of citizens in apparel, food, furniture, and the like. If laws prohibiting the manufacture and sale of liquors are sumptuary, then the laws prohibiting houses of prostitution, gambling hells, the sale of diseased meat and quarantining small-pox and yellow fever are sumptuary. I have no patience with men who



presume on the ignorance of the people. A person who will speak of a law prohibiting the traffic in intoxicants as sumptuary, is either a conceited idiot or a political trickster.

In many places the colored people are in favor of prohibition. Their leading men are eloquent and able advocates of repressive laws against the baneful traffic. Thus they are repelling a slander against their race, and rising to the dignity of intelligent citizenship. *Every true friend of the Negro is an enemy of the liquor traffic.*

Mr. Powderly never uttered a truer saying than this: "Boycott the saloon, and you will have no cause to boycott your employers."

If there were no other reason for the revolution's going forward than the fact that the liquor men declare that Prohibition does not prohibit, this would be sufficient. No defiant interest can be tolerated in this country. When any class of men offer as a ground for the abandonment of any state policy their own determination to defy it, they present an invincible reason for its continuance. If, under the license system, there has grown up an interest which is able to resist, successfully, laws which have been constitutionally enacted, it is evident that the license system has been continued too long, and that we should make haste to destroy by law a business which boldly declares itself above law.

Hear the conclusion of the whole matter: An intolerable evil is upon us. The license system has not only failed to remove it, but under this system the evil has grown steadily worse, and the traffic which it sustains has grown steadily stronger, until the people are now told to their face that they shall not remove the curse. In such a case, Prohibition is the only remedy which society dare employ. It must prohibit, and it will.

## THE OLD TEMPERANCE LECTURER.

I shall never forget the commencement of the temperance reformation. I was a child at the time, some ten years of age. Our home had every comfort, and my kind parents idolized me, their only child. Wine was often on the table, and both my father and mother gave it to me in the bottom of the morning glass.

One Sunday at church a startling announcement was made to our people. I knew nothing of its purport, but there was much whispering among the men. The pastor said that on the next evening there would be a meeting and an address on the evils of intemperance in the use of alcoholic liquors. He expressed himself ignorant of the meeting, and could not say what course it would be best to pursue in the matter.

The subject of the meeting came up at our table after service, and I questioned my father about it with all the curious earnestness of a child. The whispers and words which had been dropped in my hearing clothed the whole affair with great mystery to me, and I was all earnestness to learn the strange thing. My father merely said it was a scheme to unite the church and State.

I well remember how the people appeared as they came in, on the evening of the lecture, seeming to wonder what kind of an exhibition was coming off.

In the corner was the tavern-keeper, and round him a number of his friends. For an hour the people of the place continued to come in, till there was a fair houseful. All were curiously watching the door, and apparently wondering what would appear next. The parson stole in and took his seat behind a pillar under the gallery, as if doubtful of the propriety of being in the church at all.

Two men finally came in and went forward to the altar and took their seats. All eyes were fixed upon them, and a general stillness prevailed throughout the house.

The men were unlike in appearance, one being short, thick-set in his build, and the other tall and well formed. The younger had the manner and dress of a clergyman, a full, round face, and a quiet, good-natured look as he leisurely looked around his audience.

But my childish interest was all in the old man. His broad, deep chest and unusual height looked giant-like as he strode up the aisle. His hair was white, his brow deeply scarred with furrows,

and around his handsome mouth, lines of calm and touching sadness. His eyes were black and restless, and kindled as the tavern-keeper uttered a low jest. His lips were compressed, and a crimson flush came and went over his pale cheek. One arm was off above the elbow, and there was a wide scar above his right eye.

The younger finally arose and stated the object of the meeting, and asked if there was a clergyman present to open it with a prayer. Our pastor kept his seat, and the speaker himself made a short address; at the conclusion calling upon any one to make remarks. The pastor arose under the gallery and attacked the position of the speaker, using the arguments which I have often heard since, and concluded by denouncing those engaged in the movement as meddling fanatics who wished to break up the time-honored usages of good society and injure the business of respectable men. At the conclusion of his remarks the tavern-keeper and his friends got up a cheer, and the current of feeling was evidently against the strangers and their plan.

While the pastor was speaking the old man had leaned forward and fixed his dark eyes upon him, as if to catch every word.

As the pastor took his seat the old man arose—his tall form towering in its symmetry, and his chest swelling as he inhaled the breath through his thin, dilated nostrils. To me, at that time, there was something awe-inspiring and grand in the appearance of the old man as he stood, his eyes full upon the audience, his teeth shut hard, and a silence like that of death throughout the church.

He bent his gaze upon the tavern-keeper, and that peculiar eye lingered and kindled for half a moment. The scar grew red upon his forehead, and beneath the heavy brows his eyes glittered and glowed like a serpent's; the tavern-keeper quailed before that searching glance, and I felt a relief when the old man withdrew his gaze. For a moment more he seemed lost in thought, and then, in a low and tremulous tone, he commenced.

There was a depth in that voice, a thrilling sweetness and pathos, which riveted every heart in the church before the first period had been rounded. My father's attention had become fixed upon the eyes of the speaker with an interest I had never before seen him exhibit. I can but briefly remember the substance of what the old man said, though the scene is as vivid before me as any I have ever witnessed.



"My friends! I am a stranger in your village, and I trust I may call you friends. A new star has risen, and there is hope in the dark night that hangs like a pall of gloom over our country."

With a thrilling depth of voice the speaker continued: "Oh, God, Thou who lookest with compassion upon the most erring of earth's frail children, I thank Thee that a brazen serpent has been lifted up, on which a drunkard can look and be healed. That beacon has burst out upon the darkness that surrounds him, which shall guide back to honor and heaven, the bruised and weary wanderer."

It is strange what power there is some voices, in every tone, and, before I knew why, a tear dropped on my hand, followed by others like rain-drops. The old man brushed one from his eye and continued:

"Men and Christians, you have just heard that I am a vagrant and fanatic. I am not. As God knows my own sad heart, I came here just to do good. Hear me and be just.

"I am an old man standing alone at the end of life's journey. There is a deep sorrow in my heart and tears in my eyes. I have journeyed over a dark, beaconless ocean, and all life's brightest hopes have been wrecked. I am without friends, or kindred on earth, and look with longing to rest in the night of death. Without friends, relatives or home! It was not always so."

No one could stand the touching pathos of the old man. I noticed a tear trembling on the lid of my father's eye, and I no longer felt ashamed of my own.

"No, my friends, it was not once thus. Away over the dark waves which have wrecked hopes, there is a blessed light of happiness and home. I reach again convulsively for the shrines of household idols that once were mine; now mine no more."

The old man seemed looking away through vacancy upon some bright vision, his lips apart and his finger extended. I involuntarily turned in the direction in which it was pointed, dreading to see some shadow invoked by its magic moving.

"I once had a mother. With her old heart crushed with sorrow she went down to the grave. I once had a wife—as fair, angel-hearted creature as ever smiled in an earthly home. Her eye was as mild as a summer's sky, her heart as faithful and true as ever guarded and cherished a husband's love. Her blue eye grew dim as the floods of sorrow washed away its brightness, and the living heart

was wrung till every fibre was broken. I once had a noble son, a bright and beautiful boy, but he was driven out from the ruins of his home, and my old heart yearns to know if he yet lives. I once had a babe, a sweet, tender blossom; but those hands destroyed it, and it lives with One who loves children.

‘Do not be startled, friends—I am not a murderer in the common acceptance of the term. There is a light in my evening sky. A spirit-mother rejoices over the return of her prodigal son. The wife smiles upon him who turns back to virtue and honor. The angel child visits me at nightfall, and I feel the hallowing touch of a tiny palm upon my feverish cheek. My brave boy, if he yet lives, would forgive the sorrowing old man for the treatment which sent him into the world, and the blow that lamed him for life. God forgive me for the ruin which I brought upon me and mine.’

He again wiped a tear from his eyes. My father watched with a strange intensity, and a countenance unusually pale and excited by some strong emotion.

‘I was once a fanatic and madly followed the malign light which led me to ruin. I was a fanatic when I sacrificed my wife, children, happiness and home to the accursed demon of the bowl. I once adored the gentle being whom I wronged so deeply.

‘I was a drunkard. From respectability and affluence I plunged into degradation and poverty. I dragged my family down with me. For years I saw my wife’s cheek pale, and her step grow weary. I left her alone at the wreck of her home idols, and rioted at the tavern. She never complained, yet she and the children often went hungry for bread.

‘One New Year night I returned late to the hut where charity had given us a roof. She was still up, shivering over the coals. I demanded food, but she burst into tears and told me there was none. I fiercely ordered her to get some. She turned her sad eyes upon me, the tears falling fast over her pale cheek.

‘At this moment the child in its cradle awoke and set up a famished wail, startling the despairing mother like a serpent’s sting.

‘‘We have no food, James—have had none for two days. I have nothing for the baby. My once kind husband, must we starve?’

‘That sad, pleading face, and those streaming eyes, and the feeble wail of the child maddened me, and I—yes, I—struck her a fierce blow in the face, and she fell forward upon the earth. The

furies of hell boiled in my bosom, and with deep intensity, as I felt that I had committed a wrong. I had never struck Mary before, but now some terrible impulse bore me on, and I stooped down as well as I could in my drunken state and clenched both hands in her hair.

“‘God have mercy,’ exclaimed my wife, as she looked up into my fiendish countenance; ‘you will not kill us, you will not harm Willie,’ as she sprang to the cradle and grasped him in her embrace. I caught her again by the hair, and dragged her to the door, and as I lifted the latch the wind burst in with a cloud of snow. With the yell of a fiend I still dragged her on, and hauled her out into the darkness and the storm. With a loud ‘Ha! Ha!’ I closed the door and turned the button, her pleading moans mingling with the wail of the blast and the sharp cry of her babe. But my work was not complete. I turned to the little bed where lay my oldest son, and snatched him from his slumbers, and, against his half-awakened struggles, opened the door and threw him out. In an agony of fear he called me by a name I was no longer fit to bear, and locked his little fingers in my side-pocket. I could not wrench that frenzied grasp away, and, with the coolness of the devil that possessed me, I shut the door upon his arm, and with my knife severed the wrist!”

The speaker ceased a moment and buried his face in his hands, as if to shut out some fearful dream, and his deep chest heaved like a storm-swept sea. My father had risen from his seat and was leaning forward, his countenance bloodless, and the large drops standing out upon his brow. Chills crept back to my heart, and I wished that I was at home. The old man looked up, and I have never since beheld such mortal agony pictured on a human face as there was on his.

“It was morning when I awoke. The storm had ceased, but the cold was intense. I first secured a drink of water and then looked in the accustomed place for Mary. As I first missed her, a shadowy sense of some horrible nightmare began to dawn upon my wandering mind. I thought I had dreamed a fearful dream, but involuntarily opened the door with a shuddering dread.

“As the door opened the snow burst in, followed by a fall of something across the threshold, scattering the cold snow and striking the floor with a hard, sharp sound. My blood shot like red hot arrows through my veins, and I rubbed my eyes to shut out the



sight. It was—oh, God, how horrible!—it was my own injured Mary and her babe, frozen to ice. The ever true mother had bowed herself over the child to shield it, and had wrapped all her own clothing around it, leaving her own person stark and bare to the storm. She had placed her hair over the face of the child, and the sleet had frozen it to the white cheek. The frost was white in its half open eyes and upon its tiny fingers. I know not what became of my brave boy.”

Again the old man bowed his head and wept, and all that were in the house wept with him. In tones of low, heart-broken pathos the old man concluded:

“I was arrested, and for long months I raved in delirium. I awoke, and was sentenced to prison for ten years, but no tortures could equal those endured in my own bosom. Oh, God, no! I am not a fanatic; I wish to injure no one. But, while I live, let me strive to warn others not to enter the path which has been so dark and such a fearful one to me. I must see my angel wife and children beyond this vale of tears.”

The old man sat down, but a spell as deep and strange as that wrought by some wizard’s breath rested upon the audience. Hearts could have been heard in their beating, while tears fell thickly. The old man then asked the people to sign the pledge. My father leaped from his seat and snatched at it eagerly. I had followed him. As he hesitated a moment with his pen in the ink, a tear fell from the old man’s eyes upon the paper.

“Sign it, young man, sign it. Angels would sign it. I would write my name ten thousand times in blood if it would bring back my loved ones.”

My father wrote “Mortimer Hudson.”

The old man looked, wiped his tearful eyes, and looked again, his countenance alternately flashed with red and a death-like paleness.

“It is—no, it cannot be, yet how strange,” muttered the old man. “Pardon me, sir, but that is the name of my own brave boy.”

My father trembled and held up his left arm, from which the hand had been severed. They looked for a moment in each other’s eyes, both reeled and gasped:

“My own injured boy!”

“My father!”

They fell upon each other's necks till it seemed their souls would grow and mingle into one. There was weeping in that church, and I turned bewildered upon the streaming faces around me.

"My boy!" exclaimed the old man, and kneeling down he poured out his heart in one of the most melting prayers I ever heard. The spell was broken, and all eagerly signed the pledge, slowly going to their homes, as if loath to leave the spot.

The old man is dead, but the lesson he taught his grand-child on his knee, as the evening sun went down without a cloud, will never be forgotten.—*Anonymous*.

### PRISONER AT THE BAR.

---

"Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon you?"

A solemn hush fell over the crowded courtroom, and every person waited in almost breathless expectation for an answer to the judge's question.

The judge still waited in dignified silence.

Not a whisper was heard, and the silence had become painfully oppressive, when the prisoner was seen to move. His head was raised, his hands were clinched, and the blood had rushed into his pale, careworn face. His teeth were firmly set, and into his haggard eyes came a flash of light.

Suddenly he rose to his feet, and in a low, firm, but distinct voice, said, "I have. Your Honor, you asked me a question, and now I ask, as the last favor on earth, that you will not interrupt my answer until I am through.

"I stand before this bar convicted of the willful murder of my wife. Truthful witnesses have testified to the fact that I was a loafer, a drunkard, and a wretch; that I returned home from one of my long debauches and fired the fatal shot that killed the wife I had sworn to love, cherish and protect. While I have no remembrance of committing the fearful, cowardly and inhuman deed, I have no right to complain or condemn the verdict of the twelve good men who have acted as jury in this case, for their verdict is in accordance with the evidence. But, may it please the court, I wish to show that I am

NOT ALONE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE MURDER  
OF MY WIFE."

This startling statement created a profound sensation. The judge leaned over the desk, the lawyers wheeled around and faced the prisoner, the jurors looked at each other in amazement, while the spectators could hardly suppress their intense excitement. The prisoner paused a few seconds, and then continued in the same firm, distinct voice.

"I repeat, your Honor, that I am not the only one guilty of the murder of my wife. The judge on this bench, the jury in the box, the lawyers within this bar, and most of the witnesses, are guilty before Almighty God, and shall have to appear before His judgment throne, where we shall be rightly judged.

"If twenty men conspired together for the murder of one person the law power of this land will arrest the twenty, and each will be tried, convicted and executed for a whole murder, and not one-twentieth of the crime.

"I have been made a drunkard by law. If it had not been for the legalized saloons of my town I would never have become a drunkard, and I would not be here now ready to be hurled into eternity. Had it not been for the human trap set out by the government I would have been an industrious workman, a tender father and a loving husband. But today my home is destroyed, my wife murdered, and my little children—God bless and care for them—cast out on the mercy of a cold and cruel world, while I am to be murdered by the strong arm of the State in which I live.

"God knows I tried to reform, but as long as the open saloon was in the pathway, my weak, diseased will-power was no match against the fearful, agonizing appetite for liquor. At last I sought the protection, care and sympathy of the Church of Jesus Christ. The saloons were also closed for some twelve months. For one year our town was a sober town. For one year I was a sober man. For one year my wife and children were supremely happy, and our little home was a perfect paradise.

"I was one of those who signed remonstrances against reopening the saloons in our town. The names of half the jury can be found today on the petition certifying to the good moral character of these rum sellers, and falsely saying that the sale of liquor was necessary in our town. The prosecuting attorney in this case was the one who



so eloquently pleaded with the court for the license, and the judge who sits on this bench, and who asks me if I have anything to say before sentence of death is passed upon me, granted the license."

The impassioned words of the prisoner fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of those present, and some of the lawyers and many of the spectators were moved to tears.

The judge made a motion as if to stop any further speech on the part of the prisoner, when the speaker hastily said:

"No! no! your Honor; do not close my lips. I am nearly through, and they are the last words I may utter on earth.

"I began my downward career at a saloon bar, legalized and protected by the Commonwealth, which has received annually a part of the blood money from their poor, deluded victims. After the State has made me a drunkard and a murderer, I am taken before another bar—the bar of 'justice'—by the same power of law which legalized the first bar, and now you will conduct me to the place of execution and hasten my soul into eternity. I shall appear before another bar—the judgment bar of God—and there you, who have legalized the traffic, will have to appear with me. Think you that the Great Judge will hold me—the poor, weak, helpless victim of your traffic—alone responsible for the murder of my wife? Nay, I, in my drunken, frenzied, irresponsible condition, have murdered one, but you have willfully and deliberately murdered your thousands, and the murder mills are today in operation with your consent.

"All of you know in your hearts that these words of mine are not the ravings of an unsound mind, but God Almighty's truth. The liquor traffic of this nation is responsible for nearly all the murders, the bloodshed, riots, poverty, misery, wretchedness, and woe. It breaks up thousands of happy homes every year, sends the husband and father to the gallows, and drives countless mothers and little children into the world to suffer and die. It furnishes nearly all the criminal business of this and every other court, and blasts every community it touches.

"This infernal traffic is legalized and protected by parties which you sustain by your ballots. And yet some of you have the audacity to say that you are in favor of prohibiting the traffic, while your ballots go into the box with those of the rum sellers and the worst elements of the land in favor of continuing the business! Ev-

ery year you are given an opportunity of voting a protest against the soul and body-destroying business and to wash your hands of all responsibility for the fearful results of the liquor traffic; but you inform the government by your ballots that you are perfectly satisfied with the present condition of things, and that they shall continue.

"You legalize the saloons that made me a drunkard and murderer, and you are guilty with me before God and man for the murder of my wife.

"Your Honor, I am done. I am now ready to receive my sentence and be led forth to the place of execution, and murdered according to the law of the State.

"You will close by asking the Lord to have mercy on my soul. I will close by asking God to open your eyes to the truth, to your individual responsibility, so that you will cease to give your support to this hell-born traffic."

TALLEY MORGAN.

---

### THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC UNCONSTITUTIONAL.

---

(This was written in 1902 and published that year in "The Bible Truth Library." Afterward Judge Artman's famous decision was given out fully confirming my position. L. L. P.)

This gigantic system of evil has grown up under 19th Century conditions into one of the most huge and awful monopolies ever known. It reaches out the arms of its power and destructiveness through all the avenues of society, through all departments of government, and all the States of the Union. It is a deadly Upas tree that poisons the very atmosphere which the people breathe. Its corrupting influence is felt on every side. Its blighting, soul-destroying power reaches the aged who tremble on the verge of the grave, the stalwart who walk forth in the strength of maturity, the youth as they march out in the morning of early manhood, and childhood as it brushes away the dew of its early existence. This traffic has wrecked the homes of the poor, devastated the possessions of the rich, beggared those who once had large possessions, exchanged the mansion for the hovel, broad-cloth for rags, and promising manhood for driveling idiocy.

No sane man would contend for a moment that there is any good in the traffic. Its evils are unmitigated. Its crimes are inex-

cusable and are known to all men. Even the maker and the vender join with the politician in confessing the hurtfulness of the traffic, but the license system is its stronghold. It has been fostered by government, winked at by officers, courted by politicians and patronized by simpletons until it is well-nigh impossible to dislodge it from the fortress of national political life. When we cry out against the evils of the traffic a certain class of men begin to contend for what they are pleased to term "Our liberties."

If we would seek to rid the land of this destructive curse, to wipe out the traffic, and save the youth from its baleful influence, and the aged from its damning power, we are met with the charge that we would "abridge men's liberties." Away with such driveling nonsense! This is but the croaking of idiocy. I assume the bold ground that *the whole license system is unconstitutional and hence illegal*. The liquor traffic is conceded to be about the strongest foe to a Christian and progressive civilization. Its influence is known to be evil and only evil continually. The wrecks which it has left along the shores of time are innumerable, its murders uncounted, its forgeries unlisted. Its victims on earth and in hell constitute a vast army. It breeds dishonesty, theft, lies, anarchy, rapine and every unnamed and un-namable species of evil, as indeed it has been said, it is the "sum of all villainy," the foe of our race, the enemy of our Lord and the handmaiden of hell. What rights may such a monster of iniquity claim among a decent, civilized and self-respecting people? Talk about the "rights" of the liquor traffic, about abridging the liberties of the people when we seek to smash the whole infernal business. It has no liberties, it has no rights. It is the foster child of perdition, seeking the ruin of our nation, the destruction of our manhood, the overthrow of our womanhood, the annihilation of the Christian home. It would destroy our Christian Sabbath, wipe the church of God from the face of the earth, and leave poverty, wretchedness, and crime as the emblems of its victory over truth, righteousness and Christianity. Why not speak of the "rights" of the boa-constrictor, the "liberties" of the murderer, the highwayman, the rapist? Crime has no rights, and the liquor traffic is the embodiment of all crime. The murderer is entitled to no freedom, but the liquor traffic is the greatest of all murderers. But for the follies of the license system no sane man would ever have contended that this miserable, devil-possessed sys-



tem had any "rights." But the people have been educated to esteem it as one of our own institutions and to recognize it as entitled to the rights of an American citizen. But the system is wrong and we purpose showing, as has been said by the General Conference of the M. E. Church, that "it cannot be licensed without sin," yea, further, that no license can justify the business, and that all license is indeed illegal and unconstitutional.

If the business is productive of good, if it educates the head and heart, if it feeds and clothes the people, if it ennobles manhood and exalts womanhood, if it purifies society and strengthens government, if it develops the nation and fosters the school, if it supports the church and encourages virtue, if it strengthens the good and crushes the evil, it should be fostered by the government, welcomed by the people and encouraged by all, and no system of "license," and legal espionage demanded; but on the other hand if it is evil, only evil, and that continually, as we have already shown, then no license can justify its crimes, or vindicate its existence. To once grant that it is a root of anarchy, a breeder of criminality, a source of demoralization, a curse to society, is to show the fallacy of the cry, "liberty," "liberty," "rights," "rights," when the saloon is under discussion. Indeed the people have no legal or constitutional right or authority to set up and support a crime-breeding, soul-destroying, home-wrecking institution. No license can excuse its crimes, no legal sanction can justify its base spirit and its evil results.

It is a well-known principle of jurisprudence, as declared by the Supreme Court of the United States, that the people may not barter away the public morals, or the lives of the nation. Suppose a legislature should so far forget the purpose of its existence and the authority by which it acts as to license a man to run a duplicate of the Spanish Inquisition. For one thousand dollars, more or less, in hand paid, this man is to be licensed to enter the homes of the people, drag forth uncondemned men and innocent women and thrust them before a tribunal of falsehood, injustice, and murder. He is to follow the bent of his brutal nature, beheading some, hanging others, roasting some in ovens, burning others at the stake, impaling some on spears, casting others down rocky gorges and fearful declivities, de-limbing some, casting others to wild beasts. What would be thought of such a law? Could this inquisitor carry on his business in the 20th Century in the name of "liberty" because for-

sooth he had paid a license fee? I trow not. The law would at once be condemned by the Supreme Court as unconstitutional, and short work would be made of the system by an outraged people. And yet the saloon system, the legalized liquor traffic, has bred every crime known to the catalogue, fostered every vice known to man. It has spread disease, sown transgression and filled the land with widows mourning over their husbands slain, with orphans weeping over a father's manhood wrecked and he himself destroyed, with husbands mortified, enraged and disgraced by the ruin of wife and the overthrow of home, with heart-broken men, women and children weeping tears akin to blood over the damnable doings of the ungodly traffic. And this vicious business has the sanction of law in both state and nation. But since the law cannot justify an evil, since the people may not barter away their morals, their health or their lives, I challenge the whole license system, and fearlessly pronounce it unconstitutional. There can be no vindication of the legalized traffic in ardent spirits, unless we may authorize the murder which it produces, the theft which it causes, the idiocy which it engenders, the crimes known and unknown, named and unnamed, which result from it. To thus license the system is to justify its results, but these may not be justified, therefore the license may not be justly issued.

It is a well known law principle that men are responsible for their acts. He who digs a ditch into which others may fall, knowing the injury that will most likely result, is responsible for the damage done to others. The railroads are held accountable for the lives and limbs of men damaged in their legitimate commerce, also for stock destroyed. Now why should railroads be held responsible for damages done by them in commerce that is useful, in business that is indeed almost indispensable, and at the same time the liquor traffic, that curse of curses, the giant octopus of all centuries, be allowed to carry on its devastating, home-wrecking, soul-destroying business by connivance of legislature and sanction of license? By all means the traffic should be suppressed. Why should we quarantine against yellow fever, the bubonic plague, small-pox and other diseases, and license a traffic which destroys ten-fold more people? Why should we jail the thief and hang the murderer and yet license the saloonist whose godless business wrecks more property than thief ever stole, and destroys more lives than all the combined

murderers of the centuries? Whatever arguments may be given for the suppression of crime will apply to the suppression of this crime-breeder—the liquor traffic. As law may not legalize that which produces murder and instigates theft, as forgery may not be sanctioned, and arson cannot be licensed, we believe that by every true test of the law the whole license system is unconstitutional and hence we raise an earnest protest against the popular endorsement and legal defence of this wholesale murder, of this poison shop and crime-breeding anarchist factory.

L. L. PICKETT.

### *WHY I OPPOSE THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC..*

E. DEETS PICKETT.

(Written when he was but sixteen years of age.—L. L. P.)

1. Because it unfits a man for the highest mental, spiritual, and physical enjoyment more surely than anything else.

2. Because it is at the bottom of so many other evils—including some of the worst problems of our civilization.

3. Because of the sorrow and shame it brings to innocent persons. For every drunkard's ruin there is always some one else who feels the disgrace, and who sorrows for disappointed hopes.

4. Because it is un-American. If you will walk down the streets of one of our large cities, and examine the names over the saloons and breweries you will find 95 per cent. of them are foreign.

5. Because it is inherently opposed to all that has made our country great.

6. Because it is run solely for money. Any business which brings no good to the consumer undoubtedly rests upon a foundation of greed and selfishness.

7. Because it is opposed by the highest element of American citizenship, and upheld by the lowest.

8. Because it unfits man to work and live for his country's good.

The drunkard is "no good" for the army, would be hooted at in the navy, is a positive plague to the business interests of the country, and when he votes, invariably has his brain clouded by King Alcohol.

Therefore I vote the Prohibition ticket:—



1. Because it is opposed to all these disastrous effects by being opposed to the cause.

2. Because it places me in good company. If I meet a Prohibitionist a thousand miles from home, I feel perfectly safe in making his acquaintance.

3. Because if the Prohibitionists succeed, the greatest problem has been solved and there are certain to be wise heads at the helm to solve the others.

4. Because God is in league with the Prohibition cause; and a prohibition President would settle the great questions of his administration by his conscience and not simply by his own selfish interests.

5. Because it would strengthen all phases of the country's life! A sober army would be invincible. Sober workmen would soon capture the world's trade for Columbia. A church which would vote as it prays would make this country not only a beacon light of liberty, but a burning light for righteousness.

6. Because casting a vote that would further the interests of the devil would be presenting a claim for a future abode in his kingdom.

7. Because I am unalterably opposed to trusts. The liquor traffic is the greatest trust on the face of the globe. It causes more to suffer in severe weather than the coal trust. It causes more to suffer from hunger than the beef-trust and more to go without sufficient clothing than the tailor's trust.

8. Because Prohibitionists are the friends of woman, the protectors of childhood; they reverence old age, raise the fallen, and strengthen the weak.

9. Lastly, "In union there is strength." The Prohibition party presents the elements of righteousness perfectly organized.

---

### A BOTTLE OF TEARS.

---

(This is copyrighted in "Some Women I Have Known," and must not be reprinted without permission of L. L. Pickett.)

Many years ago, I heard this sad, sickening, shocking story of a bottle of tears, while I was holding a meeting, just over the Vir-

ginia line. Afterwards I met a man who knew the parties and confirmed it in all of its features.

One moon-bathed evening in October, a sweet girl, of thirteen singing summers, stood by the baptismal font and answered the questions which stood for fidelity to the church and her Lord, forever.

Only two brief years later, attractively attired in lovely orange, she stood by those same altars, with her hand resting, with poetic confidence, upon the arm of a strong, noble man—an F. F. V.—and while aeolian music vaped through the crowded auditorium, she, with womanly becoming, answered the questions which stood for loyalty to him, “so long as skies and waves are blue.” Everybody and everything was prophetic of conjugal happiness and prosperity. As they passed under the “wedding arch,” rice rained upon them; roses rolled at their feet; glances from congratulatory eyes greeted them on either hand; mothers murmured approval of the match; maidens merrily monopolized the passage to the doors; electric jets jumped from jeweled hands, as they gesticulated, in gleesome gladness, the hearty, happy be ye’s, which withered mere words. The liveried loungers about the doorway, thrilled by the outpouring throng, sprang to their perches, and with one hand drew reins over stamping steeds, while with the other they touched a chord which threw wide the welcome, waiting doorways of the roof-wreathed, spoke-bestudded, gear-garlanded, lamp-lighted carriages, by which, amid pealing organ, laughter of boys, bark of dogs, whinny of horses, light of stars, with Lunar queen on her Zenithal throne, they were enwheeled on through the short, pretty streets, to the station, when they soon left all other lovers, and were sweeping through strange scenery—on their way to the family homestead of the groom, to which he had fallen heir, and to which he was now taking his young, beautiful bride.

Two mornings later, as they alighted at *her* gate, two hedge-bordered miles from the railway station, she said, Surely nothing is wanting but an assurance of immortality, to make this place perfect. Can anything but Heaven be more replete with bliss? Could aught invade this angel-eyried place, to bring breath of poison? Poor woman! we shall see.

Between this lovely mansion and the large, well-kept farm, three miles away, there was a dirty doggery, the gathering-place of the

toughs of that section. The noble owner of the farm had never crossed its thievish, murderous threshold. But one evening he did turn in, with a friend(?) Later, he visited the place alone. He sipped, he treated, he drank, he got drunk, he gambled, he was murdered in that place and carried home, and buried in the family garden. This brief recital measures an immeasurable change in that beautiful home, and covers a term of ten or twelve years.

The morning after the broken-hearted woman had laid her husband away, she and the two older girls had eaten a very scant breakfast; the baby, a girl of two years, had gotten out of bed and stood by the mother and eaten her breakfast, saved in a saucer. She had just devoured the entire contents of the saucer, when there was handed to the dazed, sleepless woman a note, from the bar-keeper. It ran something like this: Dear Madam. (Dear!!!) This will inform you that I hold a mortgage over your late husband's mule and farm, also the farm implements, also the household and kitchen furniture, also your household goods, including trunks, wardrobe and wearing apparel. As I wish possession you will do me the kindness to vacate at once. I herewith send a man to take charge of the premises, the keys, etc., and to represent me in all things.

This was unlooked-for news to the poor woman. While the farm had gradually shrunk from twenty-six mules to one, and everything else had shriveled in like manner, she thought the few acres, house and contents, were hers. She had wept for the past few years, until she thought there was not a tear left to shed, except those burning, blinding, dry tears, left to so many soul-anguished women. In this she was mistaken, for the contents of the note broke loose a fresh sack, which trickled into the saucer, as she rested her aching head on her palms. She had not spoken—only cried; had not thought—only cried; had not resented the contents of the infernally avaricious note—only cried. Reason again spoke; she became conscious of her sad surroundings. Looking down, she saw her tears had rained into the saucer, and with a woman's intuition, she poured them through a spoon into a phial. This she took and placed in the folds of her wedding dress, in her wardrobe. She then wrote the following letter to the man who had sold her husband the liquor which had ruined him, her and them.

“Sir, you demand the keys. I send them herewith. The one



with a red string unlocks my wardrobe. In the right side you will find my wedding dress. I never wore it but once. It is yours now, by action of my husband, whom I never disobeyed. In the folds of that dress, you will find a small phial, with a few tears in it, the last I had to shed, but they are historic. They stand for the birth of a little girl born under a happy roof—of fifteen joyous, girlhood, schoolday years, of a short, sweet courtship and marriage, to the bravest, best man I ever knew, but for whisky; of the day we moved into this, then palatial and well-kept home, of the—alas! so short, honeymoon spent here. You will find all of these sweet, sacred pleasures in the bottle of tears. A change, sharp and sudden came. You may read it, sir, in the tears I bequeath you. They will tell you of the first time my husband crossed your villainous threshold; of the first time I detected liquor on his breath, and of how he put me gently aside with a shower of assuring kisses, saying that for my sake, he would never be brought under the baneful effects of strong drink; of how he became a constant tippler; of the first time his step was unsteady; of his rapid decline in home-keeping and home-love; of the ease with which he would misunderstand me; of the first time he spoke a cross word to me; of his first oath in my presence. You will find it all in the bottle of tears, sir. You will find there, too, one rainy, wind-shaken, thunder-boomed, lightning-torched night, in which it looked as if the building would be demolished. It was that storm-shocked night that our first-born, little Mary, came into this old whisky-soaked world. You will also find, in the bottle of tears, the greed-gored part you played in my house that night—for while one physician attended me, another, in an adjoining room, stood over my poor drunken husband, who was the victim of imaginary serpents, gorillas, and devils. In reality, he was only your victim. But you will find it, sir, in the bottle of tears. I saw in the lightning's glare the storm as it toyed with the shade trees, I heard the rain dashing in fury, against the windows; the room was jarred by angry thunder; I was for the first time in the throes of parturition. But, louder than thunder, to me, were the groans and screams and oaths of my erstwhile noble and manly, but now fallen and cowardly, husband.

You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. I heard the low, strange cry—the advent cry, of the baby—a cry which ordinarily fills a mother with joy but which filled me with a new anguish, as

I thought of such a *fit beginning*, to a career, destined to be one of piercing shame. I at first prayed that we all three might meet death in the storm, which now seemed to be urged forward by all the furies of Pandemonium. Then I asked that the little one might live and win papa back to the path of sobriety, from which you, for gain, had led him.

The next morning, he came and stood uneasily upon his feet, looked from bloated eyes upon us, stooped and kissed me and baby, and vowed he would never drink again. I believed him. The peach came back to my cheek; a girlish lustre kindled in my eye; a wife's and mother's pride began to lay plans for life and home—but they were soon dashed and broken, for before I was up from that bed, he came home drunk again. My sun went out in sudden, irretrievable midnight; my heavens, if heavens they could be called, became starless; I grew old; my heart petrified. But, sir, you will find it all, and much more, in the bottle of tears. I need not tell you of the next few sorrow-laden years, and the coming of the second girl; of the flight of luxury, of the desertion of friends; of the absence of visitors; of the curtailing of expenses and enforced economy, in order to meet your liquor claims; of the loss of my health; of other efforts to keep the wolf from the door; of the times I have fled, by night, with frightened children, from a rum-crazed husband and father; of a cheerless hearthstone; of a bare table, and the birth of the third child, in the midst of the squallor, to which only a drunkard's home is familiar; of my vain efforts to keep the children clothed and fed; of the deeper depths into which you pulled my now helpless husband. One night there was such a pain at my heart, that I cried out. It awoke Mary, who came to me and asked what the matter was. I told her that I was in so much pain, that I must be dying—that she would have to take mamma's place and care for papa and little sisters—that papa was a hopeless drunkard, and that she would soon be the only bread winner. You will find in the bottle of tears, how we spent that night, Mary and I, in praying and planning; how little Mary took her seat at dawn, in the doorway, and watched for her papa's return; how, with the rising of the sun, he came staggering up the once flower-bordered, now weed-infested, road; how Mary ran down, threw her arms about her father and said, 'O my papa! Our mamma came near to death last night. She said I would have to care for you and little sister, too.

O my sweet papa, you won't drink any more, will you?' With an oath, which might become a demon, he raised his strong arm, and slapped the child—a blow that sent her to the gravelled walk, and left her bleeding and weeping, while he came on to curse and beat me. But you can read it all, sir, in the bottle of tears, the only thing I had, in my own name and right, to leave you, as a reminder of what these possessions have cost.

Only three mornings ago four of your obedient henchmen bore my precious husband home to me, at break of day, and laid him dead on the floor, and hurried back, I suppose, to the gambling table, over which your victim had just been shot. I found some friendly negroes to dig the grave—in what I thought was my garden, and we laid him down, under his favorite apple tree. I thought to put flowers there in the summer and shells in winter, and teach my girls of how noble he was before he fell into your clutches. But it seems I buried him in your garden, and under your apple tree! Indeed, he was laid on your floor. It is marked with your victim's blood. After some kind colored friends helped me to shroud him, and while sitting up with his precious remains that night, I tried to wash out the stain of blood, thinking I could not bear to look at it and walk over it. But it turns out that it is your floor, on which he who gave you his vast property, his manhood, his family, his very soul, found a cooling board. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears. You order me to vacate. I obey. When you read this I will be on my way down the road, east. I take that route, only because it leads me away from you and your den of destruction. I don't know where I, with my three girls, will spend the night. But one thing I promise you. Whatever there is in a widow's wail, or an orphan's cry, if there really be a God, we will meet you at his judgment bar—there to tell, and the truth to say, as to how you came by this home, which we now leave. You will find it all, sir, in the bottle of tears."

But what cared the potty whiskey dealer? He set in to get that property, at any cost, and succeeded. Had a collection been taken for the widow, I suppose he would have contributed five dollars. And some people would have esteemed him liberal, would have called him *charitable*—when he then reveled in sixty-five thousand dollars, stolen from that woman and children, to say nothing of the trouble he had brought, the insults he had heaped upon them, to-



gether with the murder of his duped patron, and the damnation of his soul.

After relating the above incident in a Virginia town, a gentleman told me that he knew this woman and her girls, and that they were being helped by a lodge to which the dead man had belonged.

But all of this is another reason for waging relentless war upon whiskey-drinking and selling.

J. B. CULPEPPER.

---

### THE WASTEFULNESS OF THE TRAFFIC.

---

There is no greater drain on our nation's resources than the liquor traffic. It is conservative to charge to it an annual direct expenditure of two thousand millions of dollars. Politicians talk long and loud of tariff. Political parties are built, elected or defeated, they make or break, on the tariff. The simple fact is, that the matter of tariff is but child's play compared to the drink waste.

The Republican high tariff yields a customs revenue of about \$330,000,000 per year, whereas the saloons tax us \$2,000,000,000. Now the Democratic party stands for tariff as well as the Republican. The only question is, how high shall it be? Democrats would reduce the Republican tariff somewhat, but how much no living man knows, for they have no accepted ratio of difference. Suppose we call the difference 20 per cent. If this be correct, the Democrats would reduce the high tariff of \$330,000,000 one-fifth, which is \$66,000,000. Now the liquor barons tax us at the rate of about \$6,000,000 a day and would rob us in eleven days of the \$66,000,000 the Democrats would save us on Republican high tariff in a whole year. If, however, the Democratic reduction should be 40 per cent instead of 20 per cent it would all be swallowed up by the saloons in twenty-two days. Thus we see the folly of the politicians in an endless row over tariff while they are as dumb as oysters on the matter of the drink waste.

But the drink traffic taxes us two thousand millions, a sum so enormous that it is practically incomprehensible. Let me illustrate it that we may grasp it at least in a measure.

This vast sum would buy the entire state of Indiana, which consists of 22,940,000 acres, at \$70.00 per acre and, after paying for this vast farm, would have a fund of \$392,000,000 left over.

This would be sufficient to buy the seed wheat, break the sod and sow the entire farm down in wheat and after it is grown harvest it and put it in granaries. If it should make a yield of twenty-six and a fraction bushels we would have six hundred million bushels of wheat, viz., seven and a half bushels for each man, woman and child in the entire nation. All this bread from one year's liquor bill besides paying for the farm on which it is raised. What do you think of this for waste, reader?

But let me give you another illustration or two. If you should buy fifty million acres of land at \$20.00 per acre, it would require but half the liquor drain upon the nation's wealth to pay for this vast estate. With the remaining billion dollars you could plow the land, buy your seed, plant, cultivate and house a corn crop, which, at fifty bushels per acre, would yield a crop of two billion, five hundred million bushels. To ship this crop would require at one thousand bushels per car two million five hundred thousand cars. With forty cars to the train this would make sixty-two thousand, five hundred trains. To run these three miles a part would require one hundred and eighty-seven thousand, five hundred miles of track and this would reach seven and one-half times around the world. With a train passing a given station every ten minutes it would take more than 418 days for the last train to pass your station.

This vast sum would employ an army of two million missionaries, pastors, evangelists, teachers and doctors at a salary of one thousand dollars each. What folly it is to allow such an enormous waste. It looks as if we were a nation of idiots rather than a cultured Christian civilization. Is it any wonder we have panics, hard times, city slums, tenements and widespread poverty in the midst of a nation so richly blest of God?

---

### A WORD FROM KANSAS.

Speaking of business progress in this state, the Governor shows that "deposits in Kansas banks in ten years have increased under prohibition from \$69,000,000 to \$189,000,000," increase per capita from \$69 to \$113. Three years ago they began a rigid enforcement of the law in Wichita. "Since then weekly clearances have increased from \$1,400,000 to \$3,200,000."

## WHAT IT MEANS TO THE FARMER.

Mr. John F. Cunneen gives some interesting facts and figures dealing with the liquor problem. He shows the small relative amount paid to the farmer for every \$100 spent for liquor as follows:

	Money spent.	To Farmers
Clothing . . . . .	\$100	\$24.50
Boots and Shoes . . . . .	100	30.00
Cotton goods . . . . .	100	47.25
Woolen goods . . . . .	100	46.35
Leather . . . . .	100	50.00
Flour . . . . .	100	61.00
Meat . . . . .	100	66.00
Liquor . . . . .	100	5.50

He next gives figures showing how much the farmer would receive if the \$2,000,000,000 spent for liquor every year were to be expended for other commodities. The table follows:

	Money spent.	To Farmers.
Clothing . . . . .	\$2,000,000,000	\$ 400,000,000
Boots and shoes . . . . .	2,000,000,000	610,000,000
Woolen goods . . . . .	2,000,000,000	927,000,000
Cotton goods . . . . .	2,000,000,000	945,000,000
Leather. . . . .	2,000,000,000	1,000,000,000
Flour . . . . .	2,000,000,000	1,220,000,000
Meat. . . . .	2,000,000,000	1,320,000,000
Liquor . . . . .	2,000,000,000	110,000,000

Still another table used in the same article shows the difference from the standpoint of the farmer selling his corn for the purpose of making whiskey, or feeding his corn for the purpose of making pork:

## BOOZE.

One bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey.

The whiskey retails at . . . . . \$16.40

The farmer gets . . . . . .70

U. S. Government, in taxes, gets . . . . . 4.40

Railroad company gets . . . . . 1.00

Drayman and hauling gets . . . . . .15

The man who drinks it gets . . . . . Drunk

The wife gets . . . . . Sorrow and curses

The children get . . . . . Hunger and rags



# SOME CHOICE BOOKS

## PROHIBITION YEAR BOOK 25c.

This is a perfect compendium of information, a regular library. Every preacher, temperance leader and Christian worker needs it.

## MY GATLING GUN - - - - 10c.

By L. L. PICKETT.

An address delivered before the International Purity Congress at Battle Creek, Michigan. Just what you want.

## With Claw and Fang - - - - 25c.

## At the Mercy of the State - - - - 25c.

These two books by Mrs. Bernie Babcock are thrilling stories. They are selling by thousands and ought to reach the million mark.

## 16-O - - - - 10c.

This is a strong presentation of prohibition truth. It has the words of the great song, "The brewer and the Sunday-school Man."

## A Whiskey Hatch - - - - 05c.

## The Devil and Tom Walker - - 05c.

You ought to buy these by the dozen or by the hundred. 30c. per doz., \$2.00 per 100.

## A Beautiful Badge - - - - 10c.

It is "For Prohibition;" beautifully designed and printed in different colors.

Agents wanted for the above books and badges, also for "Songs and Sayings for you." Liberal rates.

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Louisville, Ky.

## BOOKS by L. L. Pickett.

THE BOOK AND ITS THEME.....\$1.00

Has helped many in the way of holiness.

LEAVES FROM THE TREE OF LIFE 1.00

The gist of Bible teaching is here.

THE DANGER SIGNAL ..... 1.00

A mighty and much needed warning on the dangers of Romanism.

THE BLESSED HOPE OF HIS GLORIOUS APPEARING ..... 1.25

THE RENEWED EARTH..... 1.00

Or, The Coming and Reign of Christ

CAREFUL CULLINGS FOR CHILDREN ..... 1.00

Fine for boys and girls.

OUR KING COMETH. Paper ..... .10

Three very helpful books on our Lord's return.

ST. PAUL ON HOLINESS..... .40

COVETOUSNESS... ..... .10

Its Curse and Cure. Sow down your work or community with it.

THE HOLY DAY; ..... .10

Or, Remember the Sabbath.

SONGS AND SAYINGS FOR YOU... .25

These with other books by the same author that will do you lasting good, for sale by

PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY.

Louisville, Ky.

# 12 FOR \$1.00 OR 25 FOR \$2.00

This is the pamphlet age. For wide reading, authors have seen best to put some of their brightest thoughts in pamphlet form. These neat and flexible volumes of garnered truth make up a library which is the delight of a busy man. He can put them in his pocket, he can take them on his trips, or, in a few of his evenings at home he can read at full length a nicely condensed discussion of some important theme. Every Christian library would be more efficient if it contained these twenty-five volumes.

The White Life, Beiderwolf. . . . .10c  
Divine Paths, Rev. G. F. Oliver, D.D. . . . .10c  
With Christ at Pray, Rev. E. P. Ellyson . . . . .10c  
The Two Calls, Rev. J. B. Kendall. . . . .10c  
The Pearl of Greatest Price, Rev. H. C. Morrison. . . . .10c  
Walking With God or The Devil, Which?

Rev. Bud Robinson . . . . .10c  
Heart Purity, Rev. E. A. Fergerson. . . . .10c  
Entire Sanctification, Dr. Adam Clarke . . . . .10c  
The Second Coming of Christ, H. C. Morrison. . . . .10c  
Covetousness, Its Curse and Cure, L. L. Pickett. . . . .10c  
A Plain Account of Christian Perfection, Wesley. . . . .10c  
Woman Preacher, Rev. W. B. Godbey, A.M. . . . .10c  
From Pulpit to Perdition, Morrison . . . . .10c  
Scriptural Holiness—The More Excellent Way,

John Paul. . . . .10c  
More Perfectly, John Paul . . . . .10c  
Carnality, Rev. W. B. Godbey . . . . .10c  
Holiness and the Greek Tongue, Newton Wray . . . . .10c  
The Christian Home, Stewart . . . . .10c  
The Experience of Hester Ann Rogers. . . . .10c  
Just to Old Cusses, Culpepper . . . . .10c  
Overcomers, or the White Stone, Culpepper. . . . .10c  
The Baptism With the Holy Ghost, Morrison. . . . .10c  
Sanctification, What, When and How, Collins. . . . .10c  
Old Time Religion, Rev. R. L. Selle . . . . .10c  
Sanctification, Rev. T. L. Adams . . . . .10c  
Twelve choice postpaid for . . . . . \$1.00  
Or the complete set postpaid . . . . . 2.00

Buy them and lend them to your friends and neighbors.

**PENTECOSTAL PUBLISHING COMPANY,**  
Louisville. Ky.



# OUR SONG BOOKS.

## **"OUR CHOICE"**

The best collection of real, live, spiritual songs that we could get together for Church, Sunday school and revival work. Notice the staff of editors:

Prof. Chas. H. Gabriel

Rev. E. A. Hoffman

Prof. J. M. Black

Rev. L. L. Pickett

Prof. Wm. Edie Marks

Rev. O. Burke Culpepper

Nearly 300 songs. Choice of both new and old.

Cloth binding - - 25c postpaid

Muslin binding - 20c "

Manilla binding - 15c "

BOTH ROUND AND SHAPED NOTES'

---

---

## **Other Splendid Song Books That Have Stood The Test.**

**Tears and Triumphs No. 4.**

**Cream of Song.**

**Gems No. 2.**

**Tears and Triumphs No. 3.**

**Pentecostal Songs.**

The above five books same price as "Our Choice."

**Joyful Songs of Salvation.**

Manilla binding only 10c.

**Songs and Sayings For You.**

Manilla binding 25c.

Special prices in quantities. Send retail price for sample and always state whether you want round or shaped notes.

(Temperance Songs.)

Pentecostal Publishing Company,      Louisville, Ky.







